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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1975 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOVEMBER 27 1937

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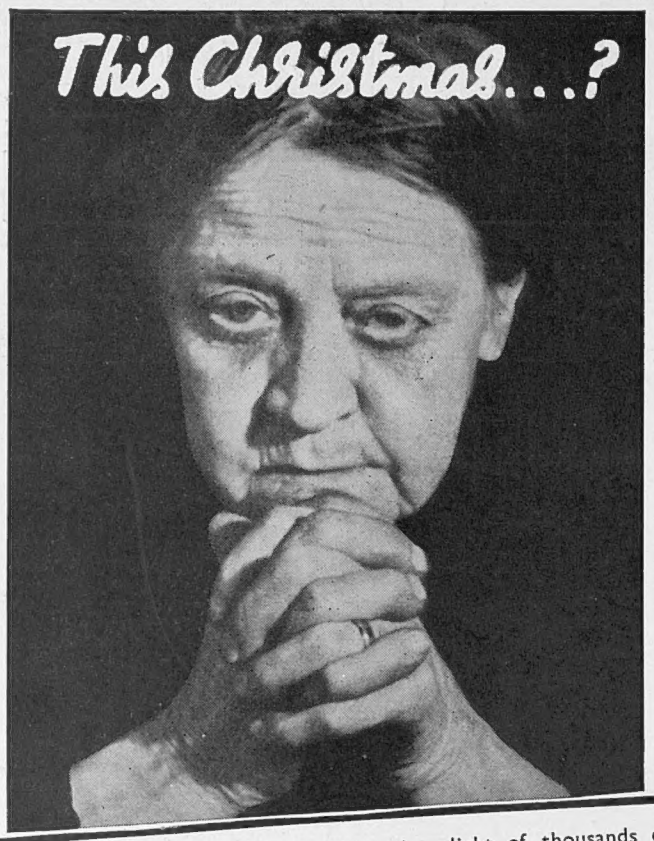


As Christmas and winter approaches, the plight of thousands of poor is deplorable. Aged widows . . . weakly mothers . . . hungry children miss the good things enjoyed by the more fortunate during the festive season of the Christ-child's birth. Last year 75,000 poor souls were guests of The Salvation Army . . . 5,000 Kiddies received toys . . . but this Christmas . . . ? That depends upon YOU. They need your Help. Send donations to General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

The Salvation Army

THINKING OF OTHERS

The Salvation Army.—"Joy in widest commonalty spread" is The Salvation Army's slogan for Christmas. Last year they practised it to the tune of 75,000 men and women and 6,000 kiddies having a real Christmas treat with substantial toys for the youngsters. Substantial gifts for the women also helped to make the festival of the Christ-Child's birth for those to whom December 25 would otherwise have been just another day. All the guests under the Salvation Army's wide roof—in the Maternity Hospitals, Eventide Homes for the Aged, Children's Homes, Men's and Women's Hostels, Slum Settlements—were entertained as befitted the season, first with substantial Yuletide fare and then with entertainments and gifts. That will be the programme this year, and The Army invites all who desire to increase their own happiness by sharing to send a substantial donation to meet the cost. All such gifts should be sent to General Evangeline Booth, The Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

HOW THE SALVATION ARMY PREPARES FOR CHRISTMAS: Decorating one of the wards at the Mothers' Hospital in London's East End

* * *

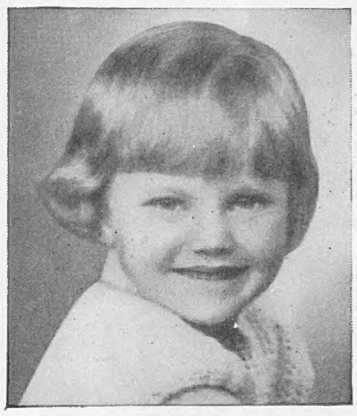
The Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association was formed for the relief of gentlepeople who, owing to various causes, are in deep distress and in many cases are on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases and also supplies clothing, blankets, and invalid comforts, but unfortunately the work is restricted owing to lack of funds, and they appeal for help that some warmth, comfort, and a little of the Christmas spirit may be brought into these sad lives. Donations should be sent to Mrs. H. R. Bromley-Davenport, C.B.E., 74, Brook Green, London, W. 6.

* * *

The Church Army.—This organisation carries out many activities at Christmas-time, under the inspired leadership of Prebendary Carlile. In C.A. homes for motherless children, in the sanatorium, in the Junior Alexandra Club, by the Better Britain Brigade (the C.A. Youth Organisation), and at St. Monica's Home, Croydon, Christmas will be really kept with "Santa Claus" and happy Christmas parties. In Sunset Homes and Anchorage Homes, old people, many living on Old Age Pensions, will rejoice in present happiness; look back on the past with happier eyes, and to the future with more hopeful hearts—because the C.A. supporters remembered them—at Christmas! Christmas hampers and fuel for fireless grates are sent out in large numbers. But all these activities depend on the fighting fund at the disposal of this gallant band of enemies of misery, and so indirectly they depend upon you. You need only turn to the telephone book to see what a big entry the Church Army has, and how many branches need your help. The head office is at 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

* * *

The N.S.P.C.C.—Fifty-three years ago, when this organisation was established, the standard of child life was a comparatively low one. There existed a lack of appreciation of the real position of the child, its human value, its importance to home and State. The child had practically no protection, and people claimed to do what they liked with their own—and did it. For many of the children of our land the coming of this Society meant the raising of the standard of child life. Children did not know it, but the public soon realised that a new force had come into existence, and those who had forgotten children's rights soon began to mend their ways. Much has happened since those far-off days. One inspector of this Society has grown into 270, and one case has grown into hundreds of thousands. The main object of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is that every child in the land shall live an endurable life, and in fifty-three years it has maintained it successfully on

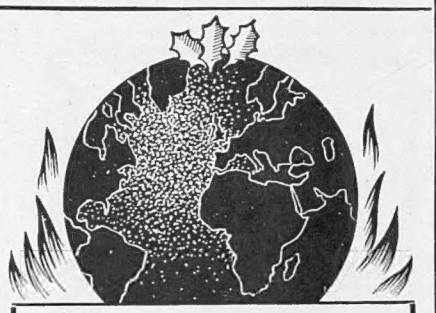


THEIR NAME
but NOT their love

The laughter of children dies when parents, unmindful of their trust, become neglectful and (unbelievable yet true) frequently brutal to their offspring. Such little ones know more of blows than of love. The N.S.P.C.C. through its 270 "Children's Men," by persuasion rather than prosecution, every year helps many thousands of children to happier lives.

Please help this great work with a Christmas Gift to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

N·S·P·C·C



Christmas Parties for OUR SAILORS *all over the World!*

On Christmas Day, thousands of sailors far from home will be able through the arrangements made by the British Sailors' Society, to share in real British festive gatherings in Homes and Hostels in ports the world over. Sailors' widows and dependants, unemployed sailors, lightship and lighthouse crews will not be forgotten.

PLEASE HELP THE

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

IN THIS SEASONABLE WORK

Kindly send a gift to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)

CHRISTMAS

A really warm fire and perhaps some little unexpected gift would bring such joy to 360 destitute, mostly aged and infirm, ladies and gentlemen now being cared for by the

Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association.

This Christmas please remember those who have found sadness and poverty in their old age.

The Secretary, 74, Brook Green, London, W. 6

Charities that Deserve Your Support this Christmas

behalf of nearly 5,000,000 ill-treated children. This national work is greatly in need of help, and the Director, Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., will gladly acknowledge gifts addressed to him at the Society's offices, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.

* * *

The John Pounds Mission.—May we commend to our readers the varied activities of this institution. For over thirty years mainly voluntary workers have carried out a work of benevolence amongst the poorest families in Stepney, the second poorest borough in London. Last Christmas over 1,200 parcels of foodstuffs were sent to needy families in time for Christmas. On the morning of the 25th hundreds of gifts were distributed to poor children at the toy service, including suits of clothes and boots and shoes for boys, and warm woollen garments for girls, from families chosen for their need. Nearly 600 women were entertained to a dinner and concert, and over 2,500 meals were provided to needy little ones early in the New Year. Another feature was a dinner and smoking concert given to 100 unemployed men. Now, will you have a share, by sending a gift, in some happy festivity this Christmastide? R.S.V.P., "Bill and Lizzie," John Pounds Mission, Wellesley Street, Stepney, London, E 1.

* * *

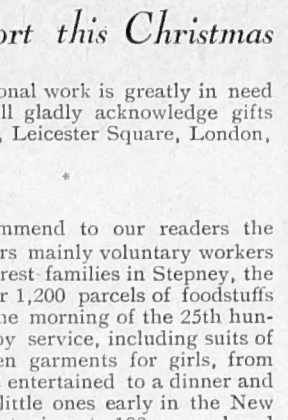
Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—In the Homes the largest family of boys and girls in the world is awaiting Christmas with keen expectancy, for these 8,200 children are ordinary young folk, and they are looking forward to a happy time like your children and mine. In the Girls' Village Home the 1,400 girls and toddlers have been busy many weeks since, preparing their Cottages for the Children's Festival. The Church has been decorated with holly and evergreen, and in its porch stands an enormous Christmas Tree with countless little parcels adorning its branches. As the gifts have arrived from well-wishers, so they have been placed on the tree to await distribution by Santa Claus on Christmas Day. 750 young lads in the Boys' Garden City are hoping they will not be forgotten. They are looking forward to enjoying a roast beef and plum pudding Christmas. 750 portions of beef and pudding! What an undertaking, yet only a small task in reality when one considers that the meal total reaches nearly 25,000 every day in the Barnardo family of 8,200 children! You will soon be completing your plans for Christmas, will you include these needy children in your thoughts, remembering that many of them have never known a mother's love or enjoyed a father's guidance. Will you, then, spread a little happiness amongst these children by sending a Christmas cheque or Postal Order to Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques and Orders should be crossed and made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

* * *

The Silver Lady Fund.—Exactly nine years have elapsed since a young lady—appalled at the distressing sights to be seen nightly on one of our most famous thoroughfares—the Thames Embankment—decided to use her endeavours in some way to mitigate the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." Miss Betty Baxter, or to give her the title by which she is better known and loved by her humble friends—the Silver Lady—commenced her campaign by driving nightly to Charing Cross. Here she would round up the "dossers" and at the neighbouring coffee-stall provide them with a free meal and a gift of silver to purchase a night's shelter. The numbers of her protégés have grown apace until at the present time when her mobile coffee stall (which has been found necessary to cope wi.h the demands) draws up at the Admiralty Arch at midnight a crowd of between 600 and 700 of London's homeless and hopeless are eagerly awaiting its coming. And none are turned away. Food, clothing, and a few kindly cheery words bring comfort to the comfortless. Can we wonder that the name of the Silver Lady is one to conjure with in the underworld of London? Her offices are at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4, and if you would help kindly send to her there as she does not employ collectors of any kind. Over 80,000 free meals and 36,000 bed and breakfast tickets given this year.

* * *

The British Sailors' Society.—All the world over this Christmas this organisation will extend hospitality to sailors away from home and to the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives in the service of our Empire. You can help by sending a donation to the General Secretary, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14. The extent of the society's work is immense, and throughout the year in ports in every part of the world its Hostels and Institutes are open day and night, providing for the spiritual and material needs of sailors. Their money is banked if desired. Missionaries visit the ships that come into port. When on shore, the sailor welcomes the facilities for recreation afforded him by the Society's representative.



THE SILVER LADY: Miss Betty Baxter whose work on behalf of London's "down-and-outs" has been so successful

Dr. BARNARDO'S *Homes*

once again earnestly appeal for **CHRISTMAS GIFTS** towards the feeding, clothing, housing, educating, and training of their great family of **8,200 DESTITUTE BOYS and GIRLS.**

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of

10/-

would be very acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

HOT TEA, BREAD *and* DRIPPING at Midnight

is given free to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women from

THE SILVER LADY'S

ALL-NIGHT TRAVELLING CAFE

Over 80,000 Free Meals and 36,000 Bed and Breakfast tickets given this year.

Please help by sending a Xmas Gift of money to ***MISS BETTY BAXTER:***

THE SILVER LADY FUND, 6, TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.4

"I'M GLAD YOU SENT THAT LETTER, MUMMY."

"It is lovely to think of sharing our Christmas with some of the poor people the Church Army told us about. I'm so glad you let Daddy and me help too."

The letter contained £5. It means that the Church Army can send a Christmas Parcel to ten poor families. Will you share your Christmas too by helping us to make it a reality in homes where all is poverty and distress? Your "Family Gift" of £5 would send Christmas Parcels to ten more poor families.

Please address your letter to:
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army,
55, Bryanston St, London, W. 1.

CHURCH ARMY

THIS HAPPINESS

is evidence of the affection and care bestowed upon the girls and boys at the Alexandra Orphanage at Maitland Park, London. This little girl was admitted three years ago at the age of four. She will remain until she is 15 at least. There are 380 now in residence. Many are receiving secondary education or technical training. Will you help these fatherless or motherless children by sending a donation? We need £10,000 each year above our assured income.

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Girls' Riding Outfits

Riding Mackintosh

Guaranteed waterproof. With wind-strapped cuffs, inside leg straps, storm collar and vent. In off white only. Lengths 34, 36 & 38 ins. **23/-**

40, 42 & 44 ins. ... **25/-**

Her first Riding Outfit

Complete with well-cut Covert Jodhpurs, canary or fawn woollen Polo Sweater, Velvet Jockey Cap in black or brown, and smart little crop. Sizes to fit the three-year-old **42/-**

Sizes to fit 4 to 6 years, **45/-**

7 to 9 years ... **50/-**

Brown Jodhpur Boots, well made and perfect fitting.

Up to Size 1 ... **20/-**

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When buildings of historical interest or aesthetic charm are wired for electricity, it would be downright vandalism to cut wiring chases in the stonework or to damage wood carvings. Nor is it necessary, for the B.I. Paper Insulated Twin Wiring System, neatly installed on the surface, or in joints of the stonework, is ideal for such contracts. There's a B.I. Wiring System for every type of contract. Write for Catalogue.

B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS

BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

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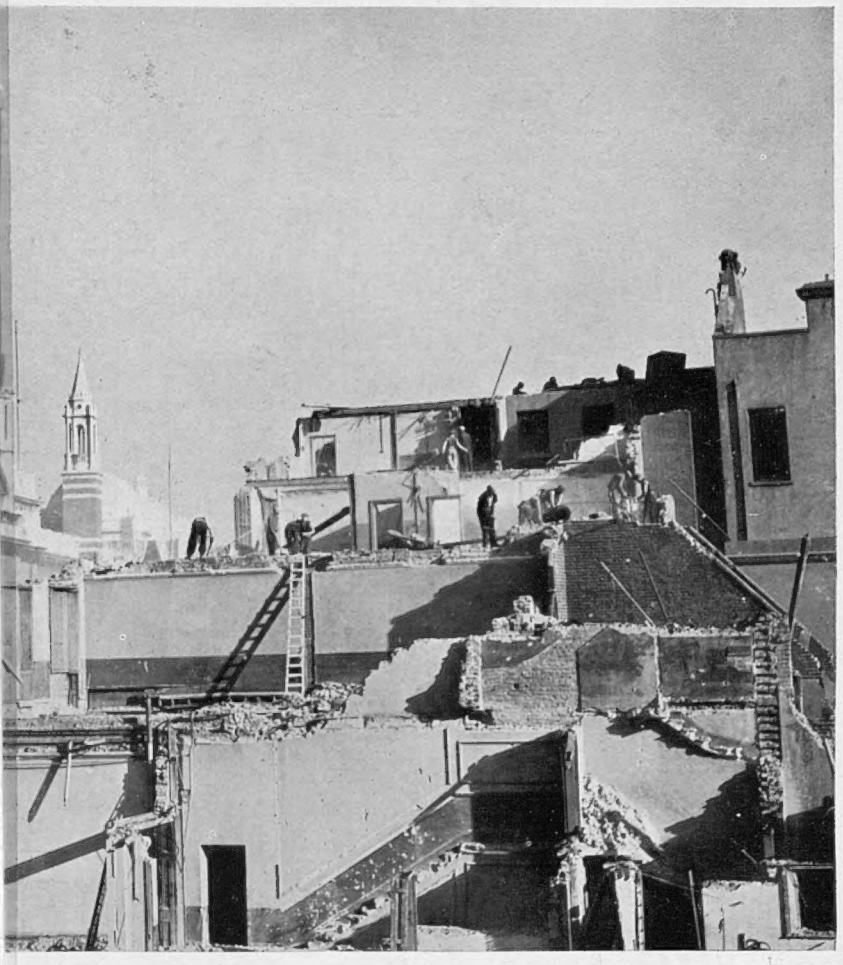
Movement and the fall of civilisation during the past quarter century. It is a very well produced and interesting pictorial cavalcade, of which the British edition alone will be of 300,000 copies. And there are nine editions. Several facts are made clear in it. First: The Groupists must no longer curse me as in the past for calling their movement the "Oxford Group Movement", since it is so called throughout the Review. Second: Publicity is the life blood of the movement, as it is of commerce. Dr. Buchman does not hide his light under a bushel. Third: Dr. Buchman discordant voices with their happy slogans and doggerel verse. These things are better reading than nice diplomatic formulae, rumours of wars and the boasts of dictators. If *Rising Tide* is pre-eminently an advertisement for Dr. Buchman, surely Dr. Buchman deserves his place in the limelight. If it appear to some a rather ingenuous publication, the rejoinder, I think I may say, is wholly unanswerable. What does this tired old world need more than a dose of ingenuousness?



A MUCH-DEBATED ENTERPRISE ENTERS ON A NEW PHASE: Workmen engaged in clearing the £75,000 island site in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, where ultimately it is hoped to erect the National Theatre, despite the opposition of certain leading members of the theatrical profession. Lord Lytton, chairman of the National Theatre Company, vigorously defends the choice of site, urging that it is a convenient traffic centre

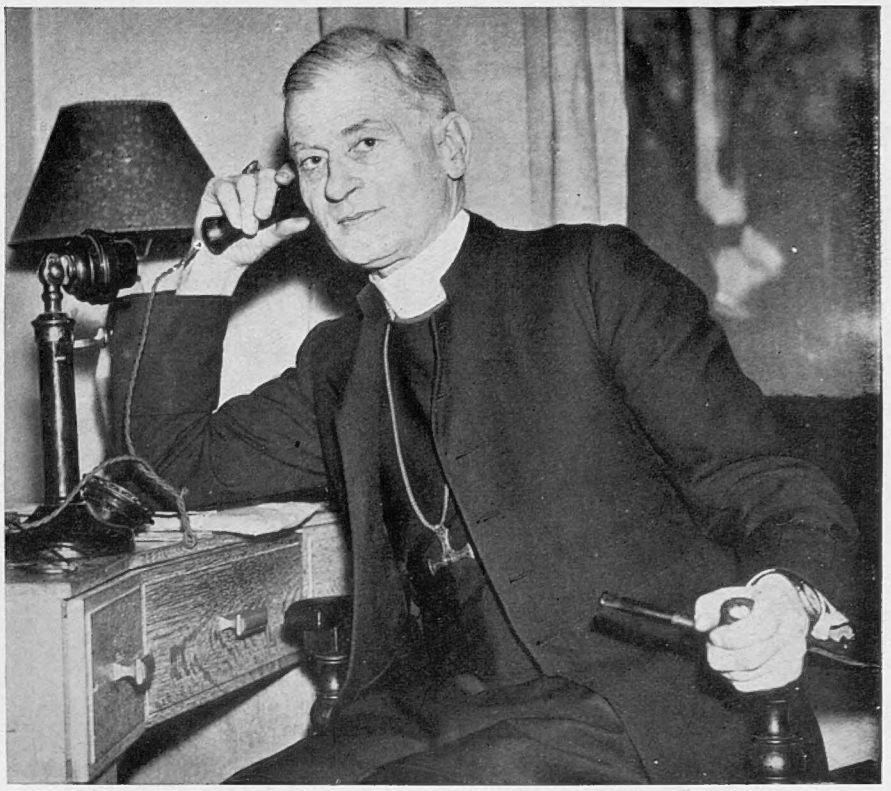
is in no doubt whatever that in due time his slogan-driven movement will change human nature and remake the world. The present dictators will give way to a New. God-control will gradually be substituted for man-control, which has everywhere failed. Kings and their armies shall flee and the God-controlled nations will rely on a force of disciplined life-changers. Farming can be made to pay by spiritual co-operation (as in Denmark). Every problem that faces industry to-day has a practical solution in Dr. Buchman's drawer. The international problem is child's play; Dr. Buchman has a solution that confounds by its simplicity. If proof were needed, *Rising Tide* supplies a hundred witnesses in photogravure drawn from a hundred walks of life. Bob Muir had guidance and turned over his five acres to his hired man, whose chicken farm now *pays*. Mrs. Muir's cooking range got transformed, too. Agnostic Wikborg is to-day bringing God to Norway. Springbok footballer Daneel spends his strength to-day kicking out—the devil. Premiers, princes of industry, cooks and railway guards, all tell the same story of the rising tide of Dr. Buchman's movement; all reveal how instantly and how completely it solved every problem which faced them in life; how sure is their faith that it will solve every major world problem. None can read this document of new faith, new hope, without sympathy and without gladness. It silences cynicism at least, if it cannot instantly remove all doubt, or blot out the memories of past endeavours in the centuries gone by. Young men with banners, shouting down difficulties, drowning

NORFOLK HOUSE ALSO.

—And now Norfolk House is gone for conversion into flats and offices via a firm of contractors. We have no respect for dead Kings and Queens, it seems; none of course for our ducal ancestors. Norfolk House is not perhaps a very convenient house for a private family to live in nowadays, for all its quiet dignity. But in a room still existing at the back, with Thornhill's original painted ceiling, George III was born and he had his first airing in the gardens which then ran well back to the Haymarket. His father, Frederick, having quarrelled with George II, quitted St. James's in a hurry and gladly took refuge under the Duke of Norfolk's roof, and Farmer George was born there on May 24, 1738 [o.s.]. In the time of Charles II, Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, had a house on the site, and the seventh Duke of Norfolk leased it and died there in 1701. The ninth Duke commissioned the new house of Brettingham in 1742 and it took twenty years to build. The portico was added a century after. The eleventh Duke, "the Jockey", died in the house soon after Waterloo; he was a rarity, a Protestant Duke of Norfolk and a Whig.

MEMOIRS WORTH READING.

—We waste so much time nowadays gambling on what books are worth reading (since all are acclaimed as masterpieces by their publishers or authors and by all save a few sane critics) that a little guidance is sometimes helpful. *Pepita* by Victoria Sackville West is well worth reading. Mrs. Nicolson of course writes admirably and is on sure ground at Knole and when dealing with her romantic and intricate genealogy, which in parts is stranger than fiction. Edwardian Memoirs of "smart society" are



A SURPRISE APPOINTMENT: The Right Reverend Paul Fulcrand Dejacour de Labilliere, at present the Bishop of Knaresborough and Archdeacon of Leeds, who has been appointed to the Deanery of Westminster, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Foxley Norris. The new Dean who was educated at Harrow and Merton, has not hitherto been widely known in Anglican circles, but for some while past he has been personally acquainted with members of the Royal Family and the Premier and it may be said that his qualifications for his new and important position could not have been more well weighed

dreary stuff as a rule. But Lady Fingall's *Seventy Years Young* is a welcome exception. It is crammed full of vivid sketches of interesting people who were "in the news" between 1885 and the war, and it gives as understanding and complete a picture of the charm and humour of Irish life in pre-war days as I have read outside the chronicles of the "Irish R.M." Elizabeth Lady Fingall has a talented collaborator in Pamela Hinkson. When people write of what they know and understand and have their hearts in, then they produce something worth reading, even though they lack training in writing. When skill combines with those essentials, they write books worth buying as well as reading.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

—Burlington House is well advanced with its Winter Exhibition. The Art of the seventeenth century is assured of a representative display. The National Galleries are fairly rich in the art of this epoch since Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Van Dyck, and Vermeer are its masters, and Murillo, Maes, and Lely its lower-masters. Private collections in this country have been tapped, the most notable for the period chosen being those of the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Radnor, Lord Jersey, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Cowdray. The Duke of Sutherland lends Murillos and Sir Alfred Beit a famous Vermeer. Van Dyck will be best represented and since Van Dycks are superb in mass, the Winter Exhibition will charm the eye.

"MR. HAMMOND."

—Walter Hammond has turned amateur and gone into business which will not be so pressing as to prevent his playing cricket all summer and helping England (we hope) to stay on terms with Australia. His vast experience may well fit him to captain England. He follows Jack Sharp, of Lancashire, Jupp, and Parsons, among others. In lawn tennis the amateur status, once lost, cannot be regained. Perry could not come back to the fold after making his fortune. In a way I sympathise in the die-hard policy of the L.T.A. Games were not meant to be played for money. Professionalism in cricket, golf, and tennis has undoubtedly vastly improved the technique of the games and made them more elaborate as spectacles. But not, I think, more attractive. Professionalism has not improved the spirit of cricket, certainly, and the amateurs have managed without professional help to screw lawn tennis up to a high pitch of swiftness and skill, and of interest even psychological. But, except from the financial point of view, the amateur of the first rank in games is nothing but a professional. He must be perpetually in practice and training and live for, if not by, the game.

GARDENING AND BIGAMY.—

A prison official recently told a distinguished visitor that when bigamists came to his gaol to serve a term he had not the slightest difficulty in finding them suitable employment. He always put them to work in the gardens. Bigamists (said he) are the best gardeners in the world. Is there some psychological explanation of this assertion so confidently made? Its converse needs no confirmation. Gardening is so enthralling a pursuit that at critical moments all things else go out of mind, and a keen gardener might easily enough go through a form of marriage quite oblivious of the fact that he had a wife alive, especially if the second "marriage" took place when his mind was occupied with preparing the spring bulb list. But why does a penchant for collecting wives indicate horticultural genius? I could easily imagine bigamy going hand in hand with philately . . . Perhaps the common factor is a catholic taste for sowing seeds—whether of trouble or of annuals.

THE OLD STAGER

GETTING TOGETHER: Sir Ronald Storrs, former Governor of Jerusalem, greeting the Arabian Minister at Foyle's 84th luncheon, a feature of which was the presence of a number of distinguished Jews and Arabs

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

VISCOUNT HALIFAX AT BERCHTESGADEN: The Lord President of the Council with Herr Hitler during their historic meeting at the Chancellor's mountain home in Bavaria. The conversations, it is understood, were exclusively of an unofficial nature, and essentially a preliminary to further discussion of the problems affecting Anglo-German relationships. It was significant that Herr Hitler's first public pronouncement following the meeting was a reiteration of colonial claims

AN EDINBURGH OCCASION: Miss Ponnaranyan, of Madras, presenting a case of handkerchiefs to the Countess of Elgin after the latter had opened the second day's proceedings at the Women's Foreign Mission Centenary Exhibition and Fair held last week in the Scottish capital

SMOKE RISES OVER CHAPEI: This picture from China, which has just reached England via the United States, evidences the extent of the fires in this quarter of Shanghai as the Chinese retreated and the Japanese poured in. Since then the attackers have gone from strength

BELLICOSITY IN TOKYO: A member of the Young Asia League addressing a recent meeting attended by delegates from Iran, Mongolia, East Hopei, Afghanistan, Iraq, Manchukuo, and Egypt. The tenor of the

JAPANESE WAR FEVER: Boys and girls, each waving aloft a flag, marching through the down-town district of Tokyo en route to the Imperial Palace. A picture taken shortly after it had become known that the Japanese

to strength, driving the Chinese right away from Shanghai, capturing Soochow, and pushing out towards Nanking. A Japanese spokesman has stated that in operations between November 7 and 19 the Chinese abandoned no fewer than 50,000 dead on the southern battlefields

speeches was distinctly hostile to Great Britain, and one of the slogans hanging on the left states, "Britain, hands off China." Above the rostrum are the flags of some of the various nations sending delegates

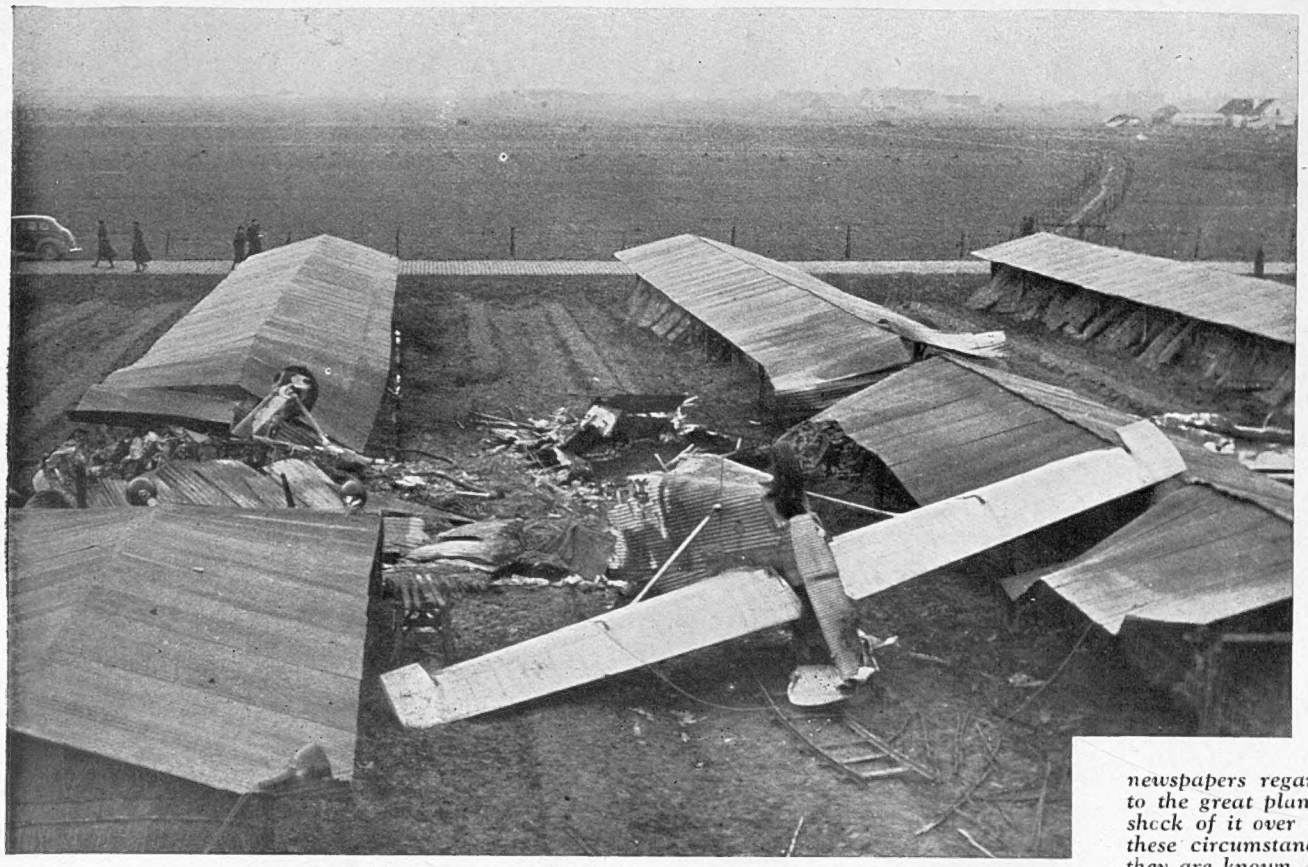
forces had at long last broken down the Chinese resistance in the Shanghai area and penetrated Chapei. Japan is jubilant at her success, but her leaders have pointed out that the war may be longer than many imagine

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE PALLADIUM: Their Majesties, who only a short while ago visited this theatre for the Royal Command Variety Show, went there again last Tuesday afternoon to attend the Coronation Commemoration Concert for wounded sailors and soldiers, being pictured above at the moment of their arrival. A guard of honour of wounded men, many of them blinded, was formed up at the entrance, and among them were several who had served with the King in H.M.S. *Collingwood*

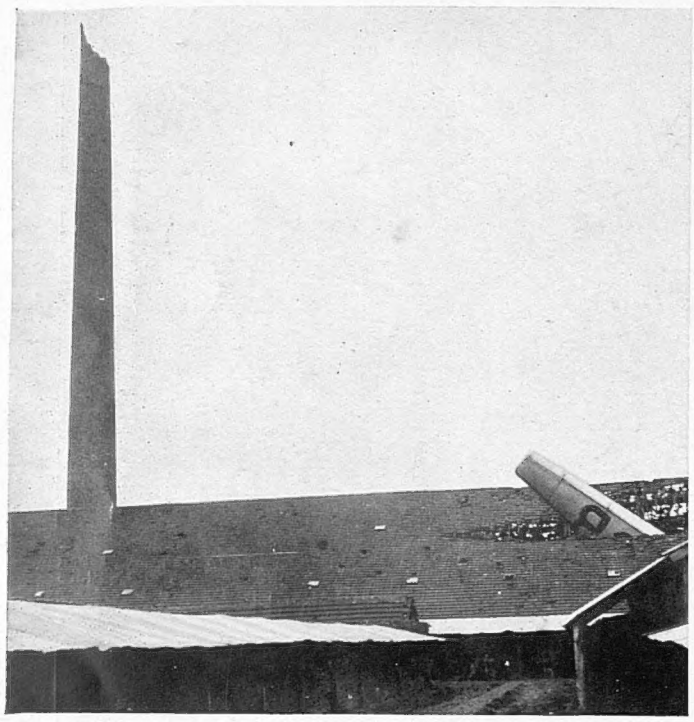
THE CORONATION COMMEMORATION CONCERT: The King and Queen standing in the royal box during the singing of the National Anthem by the 3,000 or more wounded ex-soldiers and sailors who attended the show at the Palladium. On the left is Lord Southwood, the newspaper proprietor and philanthropist, who helped to organise the entertainment and acted as host for the occasion

GERMANY EXPELS ANOTHER JOURNALIST: M. Paul Ravoux, Berlin correspondent of the Havas Agency, pictured on arrival at the Gare du Nord, Paris, following his enforced departure from the Reich as a result of an article he wrote on foot and mouth disease outbreaks. He was given three days to leave

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AT FILM PREMIERE: Their Royal Highnesses arriving at the Regal Cinema where they saw films showing the work of the Land Settlement Association and of the National Council of Social Service. During the evening a former Durham miner now settled in Cambridgeshire was introduced to them



WHERE THE ILL-FATED BELGIAN AIR LINER HIT THE GROUND: The burnt-out fuselage and tail of the machine lying in the brickyard at Ostend after it had flown headlong into a chimney in a blinding fog, taking to their deaths its eleven occupants, including the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse and their children. In the accompanying article Nigel Tangye discusses the technicalities of the disaster



THE WIDELY SCATTERED FRAGMENTS: *Left*—The 200 ft. chimney of the brick factory decapitated by the Belgian air liner and the right wing of the plane embedded in the roof of the building *Right*—A section of the left wing and engine nacelle which piled up incongruously on one of the "trams" in the brickyard

THE BURNT-OUT FUSELAGE which landed on the grass between two rows of sheds, mercifully missing the main factory building in which men were working at the time. The fire followed so swiftly on the crash and blazed so fiercely that it was impossible for would-be rescuers to approach and extricate the passengers

THE OSTEND AIR DISASTER ANALYSED

What Exactly Happened and How Such Tragedies May Be Averted in Future

It is rarely that lives lost in flying accidents are lost in vain. For each accident draws stark attention to an imperfection, maybe a tiny imperfection, in the system. Even the disaster to the Belgian air-liner at Ostend has this ameliorative factor to help soften its tragedy. There have been many accounts, widely differing accounts, in the newspapers regarding the circumstances that led to the great plane's destruction. With the first shock of it over it has been possible to examine these circumstances calmly. The facts, so far as they are known, are these:

THE Belgian S.A.B.E.N.A. Air Line Company took delivery of the ill-fated air liner from the makers only four months ago. It was the very latest of its type, a Junkers 52, fitted with every safety device, including the Lorenz apparatus for blind landing in conditions of bad visibility. It was a fourteen seater, had three powerful engines which gave it a top speed of nearly 170 miles an hour. To its great metal wings were fixed flaps which enabled it to land fully loaded at under 60 m.p.h. It was of a type well tried in European conditions, some 150 being in service. On the day in question it left Frankfurt for Brussels on an ordinary scheduled flight. The pilot knew what weather lay ahead, and he knew that Brussels aerodrome was shrouded in fog when he left Frankfurt. It could not have been a surprise for him, therefore, when his radio operator handed him a message which ordered him to miss out Brussels and fly on to Ostend,

The flight continued according to plan, the machine being in constant radio communication with Ostend. The pilot knew that though his plane was fitted with the Lorenz landing apparatus it was of no value to him as its essential complement was missing from the equipment at Ostend. But this would not worry him as the weather report from the aerodrome told him that the visibility was 800 yards and that the cloud base was 300 ft. It was none too much, but enough for an experienced pilot. As he approached the aerodrome he sent out radio signals which gave Ostend his bearing and which Ostend immediately and continuously returned to him. In this way he knew exactly that he was on his course. About five miles from the aerodrome he came out of the clouds.

He flew on with his nose pointed straight for the aerodrome guided by the radio bearings he was being given. A little over a minute later he saw immediately ahead of him an isolated bulge of cloud beneath the general base which had its own base of 150 ft. He could see by its formation that it was localised so that he did not intend to spoil his steady approach on to the aerodrome by going round it.

This bulge was just 1½ miles from the aerodrome over an area of flat country. The pilot was taking no apparent risk in flying through it. But it effectively concealed a tall factory chimney, 200 ft. high, which stretched up into its belly. Into this the plane, momentarily blind, flew headlong at over 100 miles an hour striking it 160 ft. up with its left wing just outboard of the port engine. A moment later and it disintegrated, scattering its torn and shattered body over a brick factory which lay beneath.

It was after the plane had crashed that Ostend tried to get into touch with the pilot to tell him not to attempt a landing for the moment as the visibility had suddenly got worse. First reports said that, receiving no reply, Ostend thought that the pilot had wound in his aerial. This would not have prevented inter-communication as the machine was fitted with a fixed aerial for short range work so that undoubtedly the machine was wrecked before the signal was sent out. Blame does not attach itself to the Ostend control officer. He sent the signal out as soon as he saw that the visibility had failed.

The lesson to be learnt? Emulate the Berlin authorities and ruthlessly raze to the ground every tall obstruction within a radius of 2½ miles of any airport. The chance of an airliner hitting such an obstacle now is one in a million, but in a few years' time, when the skies are filled with swift and frequent giant planes, those odds will shorten criminally.

A word of sympathy is due to the Belgian company to whom the plane belonged. This is only the third fatal accident it has suffered since those early days in 1923 when the company was formed.

Nigel Tangye

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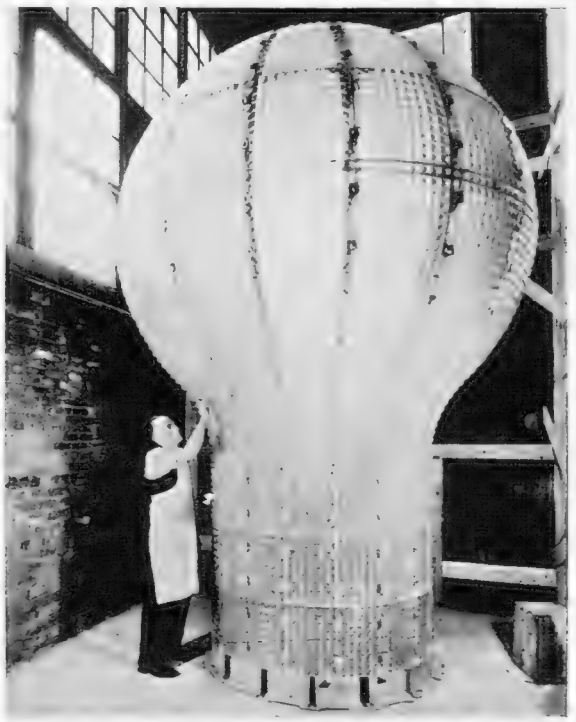
TRANSATLANTIC

A Record of Recent Events in the United States

HEADS TOGETHER: New York's newly-elected District Attorney, Mr. Thomas Dewey, and the re-elected Mayor, Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, conferring at the City Hall after their great victory at the polls, which has dealt such a damaging blow to Tammany and presages a renewal of the war on gangsters and all in opposition to clean government. *On left*—Mr. Roosevelt, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt, driving through New York during his brief visit to the city following the mayoral election, when he took the opportunity of personally congratulating Mr. La Guardia

NEW YORK'S NAZIS ON PARADE: These members of the German-American Bund, men of German ancestry but for the most part United States citizens, marched through the city prior to their recent mass rally at which they voiced their demand for a "strong, national minded America against International Radicalism." Public feeling runs high against this organisation, largely on account of its typically Fascist anti-Semitic tendencies which naturally find scant favour in a metropolis with a large Jewish population



THIS 14 ft. HIGH ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB has been made at the Corning glass works and will surmount the £20,000 memorial tower to Thomas Alva Edison set up at Menlo Park, New Jersey, where the great inventor perfected the incandescent lamp. It will act as an av ation beacon

THE DRUNKO-METER: This invention, designed to test the sobriety or otherwise of motor drivers, is now being used in Kansas. The "patient" is made to fill the balloon with air and this is then analysed. The amount of alcohol consumed can at once be gauged

YOUR TURN: Mrs. Howard O. Boone (left) of Kansas City, Missouri, handing over the gavel of National President of the American Gold Star Mothers to her successor, Mrs. Irving Fairweather, of Idaho, at the Gold Star convention at Detroit, Michigan. The membership of this organisation is confined to those who lost sons in the war

IN THE MONEY: Mr. Charles Hewins, disabled war veteran, examining gold-bearing ore taken from the mine he has discovered at Big Bear, 150 miles from Los Angeles, California. The place is believed to contain immense quantities of rich payable ore, capable of yielding between £20 and £200 per ton

THEY PREFER TO RISK BEING HIT THAN LOSE THEIR PLACES: Women of Madrid lining up for the daily issue of black bread and beans that have been their portion for more than a year of desperate siege. A picture that contrasts interestingly with the description of life in Franco's territory in the accompanying article

LIFE IN FRANCO'S SPAIN

A Glimpse Behind the Insurgent Lines where Preparations are being Made for what Fascism Hopes will be the Decisive Blow of the Long Drawn-out Civil War

By CHARLES GRAVES

I HAVE had it on my conscience for almost a year that I prophesied in THE SPHERE at the time that General Franco could confidently be expected to enter Madrid within a fortnight. What happened, of course, was that public sentiment drove him to make a detour for Toledo and rescue the heroic defenders of the Alcazar. This detour temporarily cost him Madrid. The three or four days' respite enabled the Government to throw up defences which would have been non-existent if General Franco had gone bull-headed for the capital at the cost of the lives of the defenders of the Alcazar. To-day, November 27, sees an apparent stalemate until the spring. The semi-tropical rains in winter falling on heavy clay soil render movement virtually impossible in twenty minutes except along the few good roads that exist. Spain, in fact, is the most troublesome country in Europe in which to campaign, the country being riddled with mountain ranges.

THEY KNOW THE SIGN: Red youngsters giving the now familiar clenched-fist salute

I emphasise, however, the use of the word "apparent". I am informed that despite the gigantic handicap of the climate General Franco has a surprise packet ready for the Government troops. But what can this be? The answer is that he has six possible courses to adopt. (1) He can advance due east on Barcelona from Jaca, resting his left flank on the Pyrenees, thus making his right flank suitably mobile. (2) He can advance from Saragossa south-east to Castellon, thus cutting off Barcelona from Valencia. (3) He can advance from Toledo towards Ciudad Real with the object of cutting off the large Government salient which extends westwards to within fifty miles of the Portuguese frontier. (4) He can advance north from Cordova to Ciudad Real for the same reason. (5) He can advance from the Malaga front, that is to say, from Motril, resting his right flank on the coast and advancing towards Carthagena with the ultimate object of carving his way up the east coast towards Valencia. (6) He can put all his men into transports and land them farther up the east coast.

What the British newspaper public does not realise is that the Spanish red fleet is "out." General Franco has command of the sea. The biggest red warship, the *Jaime Primero*, is supposed to have been incapacitated by bombs; while General Franco has *Canarias*, *Baleares*, an even more modern cruiser, and the *Almirante Cervera*, which is also an up-to-date cruiser. These three ships give command of the sea.

But what about the battle front? Well, from Madrid to Barcelona in a direct line there is no effective fighting. From Madrid upwards the front line extends in a north-easterly direction towards Lourdes. Lourdes, of course, is in France, but that gives you a bird's-eye impression of the line. Outside Madrid and in the neighbourhood of Saragossa the battle front is much the same as it was in the great war. That is to say, it is trench warfare. The intervening sectors, however, are held very lightly on both sides. At a guess, a battalion frontage will be at least three quarters of a mile long, a Spanish battalion having an effective strength of about 600 men. Along these sectors attention is chiefly paid to important points like roads which are held by strong detachments. In the mountainous areas pickets are placed on prominent features of the countryside which offer a good field of fire.

Tactically the Civil War, which began on July 17, 1936, has been exceedingly interesting to military observers. It has been found that aeroplanes can take the place of artillery in the placing of barrages; in other words, loads of bombs can be dropped by successive relays of aeroplanes in order to cover an advance, instead of using artillery for firing shells, producing a similar result though more expensively.

I further learn that 70 per cent. of Franco's army are volunteers, leaving the remainder as conscripts; and that, contrary to one's general impression, most of the fighting done by infantry is done by Spaniards. On the ticklish point of the numbers of Russian pilots and tank drivers on the side of the Government, and the Italian bomber crews and infantry, and German pilots and gunners, I remain suitably silent; as I also do on non-intervention.

But what about prisoners of war? The answer in the case of the Insurgents is that of the men who are captured or who give themselves up voluntarily the vast majority are now occupied in laying out gardens or mending roads quite contentedly. I have no knowledge of the number of men who have deserted from the Government forces to join General Franco and to fight their former companions. This I do know, that important prisoners (who may be caught in every variety of civilian or military rig-out) are probably court-martialled and put in concentration camps.

To Englishmen, who have fortunately not been subjected for centuries to a war conducted in their own country, it may be interesting to realise the extraordinary absence of any kind of hardship in that part of Spain held by Franco. If one were notably pro-Franco it might be more sympathetic to suggest that his side were hard up and badly in need of assistance.

Actually money is plentiful, food is abundant, and public morale is exceedingly high. The ordinary Spanish silver currency as used before the Civil War still circulates unaltered. Banknotes, however, are printed in Burgos, and although the Government is backed by the gold reserve of the Bank of Spain and General Franco has no bullion to support him, the rate of exchange for Burgos notes is 80 pesetas to the £1 compared with almost twice that number of pesetas to the £1 which is all that you can get at present for the Government issued notes.

SEÑORA DE FRANCO, wife of the rebel generalissimo, attending an open-air meeting of the Women's Social Auxiliary—an organisation that has just celebrated its first anniversary and has done much valuable work in succouring the wounded

Bull fights in the area occupied by General Franco have been in full swing. Lalanda, Belmonte, and Ortega have been doing almost as well as ever. There is, indeed, not the faintest sign of war weariness. On the contrary, a great many people find the wartime life a very good one, And for numbers of the troops their present rate of pay is much higher than it was in civilian life. The intelligent Spaniards realise that the Civil War has a very ancient origin—in past mistakes. There are dozens of immediate and intermediate causes, but these can all be lumped together under one cause—the national character. This has brought them three civil wars in about three generations.

The peculiarities of the Spaniard include an absolutely implacable and (to an Englishman) an incomprehensible individualism. These are long words but they should convey a great deal. The national character further includes a refusal to compromise or combine over any subject, whether it is political, religious, or economic; and a most tenacious conservatism which takes the form of an absolute detestation of change in any shape. It is a common mistake to attribute this aversion from change or progress to those classes which have something to lose thereby. Actually this phenomenon permeates all classes.

Here is a case in point. A friend of mine goes in for pig breeding on a large scale. Not long ago he decided to feed his pigs on a British patent pig food. He should have known better. His herdsman refused point-blank to feed the pigs on it. After some weeks of strained relations the man, who had an irreproachable character of many years standing, asked to be dismissed because he could not bring himself to feed his charges on the new foreign abomination.

It is impossible to write about Spain without some reference to religion. Ill-informed people are inclined to blame the Church for much of the social stagnation of the past. It is true that the Church had far too much power. This goes without saying. But you can scarcely blame the Roman Catholics for taking advantage of the peculiarities of the national temperament. The Church is a public institution which could not flourish without public backing, and it always got that backing. Naturally the Church was not anxious to sacrifice its prestige when the latter had been freely bestowed upon it by the public. One might add here that General Franco intends to disestablish the Church when he has control of Spain. This will not be popular with the rank and file of the Roman Catholic priests over there. But the more intelligent ones realise that this course is inevitable.

(*Continued on page* 392)

THE GOVERNMENT'S HINDENBURG LINE: If the rebels should succeed in breaking through on the Madrid front they will come up against this elaborate system of stone fortifications now in course of completion

SPHERE SURVEY:

President Vargas Prolongs His Term : Nanga Parbat Survivor Returns to Berlin : Where German Soldiers Receive Advanced Training

PROPOUNDING RACIAL SELF REALISATION: M. Habib Bourgurbia, Secretary-General of the Tunisian Constitutional Party, addressing delegates to the party's recent congress in Tunis when important questions relating to the French administration of this North African colony were discussed

BRAZIL'S MAN OF IRON: President Getulio Vargas, who by a coup d'état has placed himself at the head of the Republic for a further term of six years. He urges that his new regime is not by any means Fascist

RE-UNION: Professor Troll, survivor of the ill-fated German Expedition which was almost wiped out last summer on the upper slopes of the 26 600 ft. Himalayan peak, Nanga Parbat, pictured with his wife and children on his return to Berlin recently

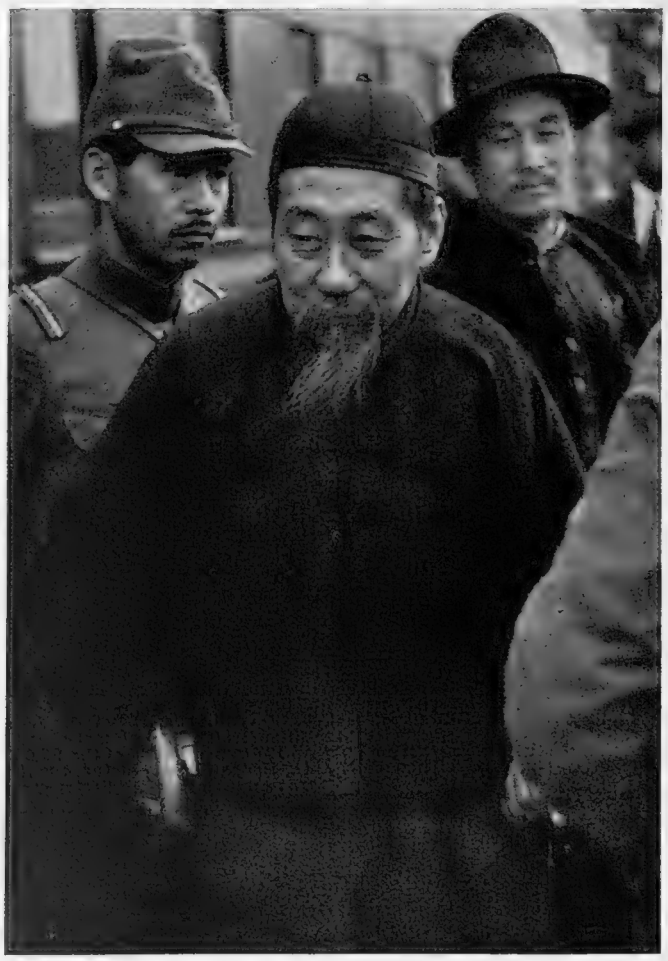
PARIS CROWDS EAGER TO SEE THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: Police standing protectively round His Royal Highness's car (distinguishable by its GB plate) as he left his hotel for a drive on the morning after the announcement had been made that the American trip would not, after all, take place. Such is the interest in the Duke's every movement that he has little real freedom in the French capital

LAST DIP OF THE AUTUMN: Fourteen-year-old King Peter II of Yugoslavia about to catch the ball when playing water polo with his companions in a lake at Belgrade. The young monarch as yet takes only a very small part in national affairs and everything possible is being done, in fact, to ensure that his schooldays shall remain carefree, having in mind the intensely arduous public life ahead of him

MAKING MARKSMEN OF THEM: German soldiers receiving target instruction at Fort Hahneberg where detachments of men are sent in turn to undergo an advanced training course which lasts about eight weeks

CALL FOR ARMS! A Turkish girl addressing an open-air meeting in Istanbul at which she voiced the national need for more contributions to build a stronger air force

WITH THE JAPANESE IN *Peiping and Paoting*



RETURN OF THE NATIVE: This veteran Manchu, who has spent his life as a guardian of the Imperial tombs, recently got in touch with the Japanese garrison commander and received permission to go back to the capital and continue his old work

JAPANESE WOMEN POLICE in PEIPING

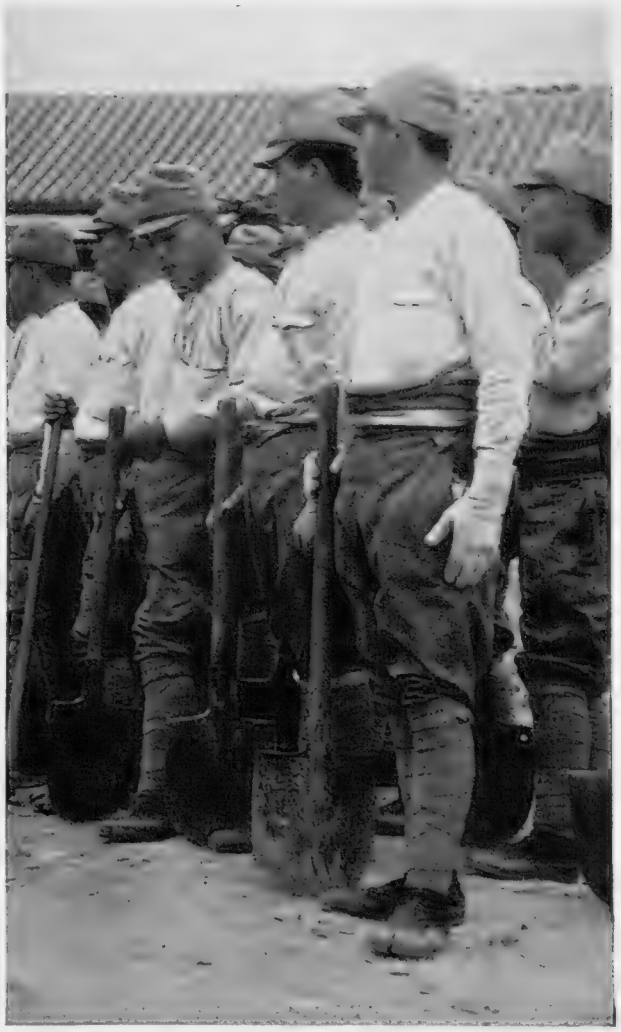
On left—FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES VISIT PAOTING: Commander Overesch, the U.S. naval attaché, and Lieutenant Bennett, the British air attaché, with the Japanese marine attaché on arrival in this city, which has been an important Japanese base ever since its capture at an early stage of the campaign

These women in their military peaked caps and tunics, dark blue skirts and stockings to match, are employed to police the Imperial city which almost since the start of the present conflict has been in the hands of the invaders. They are seen here interrogating a Chinese woman and searching her bag, possibly for firearms

A CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES: The Rev. Usaburi-Shimura, one of the Japanese Christian priests accompanying the army, carrying a banner as he left the train at Paoting

NOT MINIATURE GAS MASKS: Just a protection against the dust of China's semi-arid plains

IN THE THICK OF IT: Two Salvation Army officers outside Paoting Station on arrival there to carry on work in the war zone. The city would appear to be safely in Japanese hands now, but a week or two ago there was a distinct likelihood that Chinese Communist forces from the West would recapture it



PARADE OF THE LABOUR BATTALION: These Japanese are employed in cleaning-up operations at Paoting, removing, as far as possible, traces of the havoc wrought during the days of heavy shelling preceding the taking of the place

THE BRAIN BOX: It is this piece of mechanism, known as the Master Timer, which plays the vital part in the final adjustment of the Piccadilly Circus traffic lights under the new system. Its function is to seek for gaps between vehicles in each traffic stream and accordingly to shorten the length of the green "Go" period allowed to that stream, denser traffic in other parts of the Circus thus being given its chance earlier than would normally be the case. It will be noted that there are two time units and two power units the duplication ensuring against chaos resulting from a breakdown in the elaborate mechanism

"LITTLE EVA": THE WITCH OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

How She Controls the Traffic in London's Throbbing Heart, Timing the Flow to a Nicety

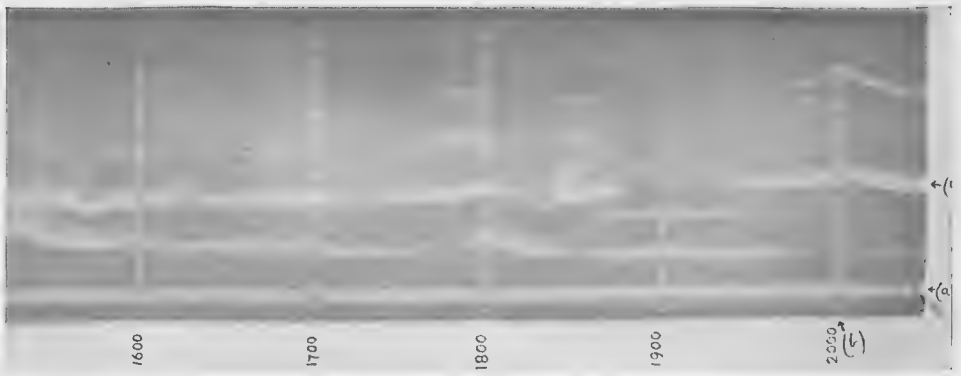
TRAFFIC authorities decided some time ago that the notorious jams in the Piccadilly Circus area must cease, and "Little Eva" was chosen to do it, her reign being duly inaugurated last week by the Minister of Transport. "Eva" is the electro-matic vehicle-actuated system of traffic control which has already tackled so many of London's traffic black spots.

In adapting the system to the needs of the Circus, experts have pooled their knowledge and put their brains to the creation of a scheme which it is hoped has made this area one of the best controlled and most smoothly-flowing traffic districts in London.

Each of the routes converging on Eros carries heavy traffic streams and each is liable to peak loads—that is, occasions on which it is crowded to capacity with vehicles—at different times, and with traffic flowing in different directions. This is one of the problems which made the area the despair of vehicle drivers and a nightmare for pedestrians prior to the arrival of Eva. The new scheme now in operation eliminates this difficulty by allowing each vehicle to announce its arrival and request right of way by means of the familiar pads in the roadways, exactly as in the normal electro-matic system. Every vehicle is thus assured of individual consideration by the Signal controllers.

But in addition an entirely new development known as Density Control is also in operation, and its function is to note the rate of arrival of vehicles in each stream, and to decide the exact period for which the green "go" period will be shown to that stream in accordance with its density. If vehicles are arriving continuously, a long green "Go" is their happy lot, but when vehicles arrive intermittently and gaps occur, the "Go" period is shortened automatically. This is done by speeding-up the timing mechanism in the system's chief brain-box — the Master Timer — when each gap occurs. In every event, there is, of course, a sufficient length of "Go" period to allow each vehicle to cross the intersection in safety before cross-traffic is released.

WHAT A GAME: It was on this working scale model of Piccadilly Circus and its approaches that officials of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company at Strowger Works, Liverpool, experimented during the task of perfecting the new system of traffic control which has just been inaugurated. The "stop go" lights, etc., are all perfect working miniatures; only the vehicles have to be moved by hand



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A CROSS-SECTION OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE was made on a revolving ribbon of photographic paper during the Oxford University Arctic Expedition which, as pointed out in the article below, attempted to probe some of the mysteries of the Ionosphere and discovered much of a valuable nature regarding the behaviour of wireless waves. The continuous white line starting at "A" represents a wave passing straight along the ground between a transmitter and a receiver 80 yards apart, while above it are the layers, varying considerably in height, from which waves that had shot up into space were reflected down to earth again

INVESTIGATING THE IONOSPHERE

How the Oxford University Arctic Expedition Probed Some of the Secrets of the Upper Atmosphere

THE development of wireless communication has been as rapid as it has spectacular. The time is long since passed when it was a triumph to tune in to a programme, and this triumph based perhaps on an extensive technical schooling. With the advent of the modern radio with its single knob tuning, much of the former romance is lost.

Yet it may still seem a puzzle to some that they are able to receive a concert when there is a high range of mountains lying in between the transmitter and themselves. They do not understand how the waves pass through solid rock. The answer is that there is no question of their doing so; they come from overhead.

A transmitter radiates waves in all directions. Some of these travel upwards—to all intents and purposes into endless space. In the upper atmosphere, however, there is an electrified region known as the Ionosphere, containing the Heaviside or "E" layer at about 100 kms. and the Appleton or "F" layer, at about 250 kms. above the earth's surface. The cause of this phenomenon is not exactly known, though the ultra-violet component of the sun's rays does much to maintain the "E" layer, and probably the "F" layer too.

For the purpose of simplicity, this region may be regarded as a plane, off which the wireless waves are reflected, or refracted, back to earth. Thus the question of waves passing through rock does not arise

In the scientific programme of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition of 1935–36, the major item was a research of this upper atmosphere. This type of work had never before been carried out at a high latitude; and the observations, made as they were under ideal conditions, were the more interesting from the fact that it was the first time anything of this nature had been attempted north of the belt of maximum auroral activity.

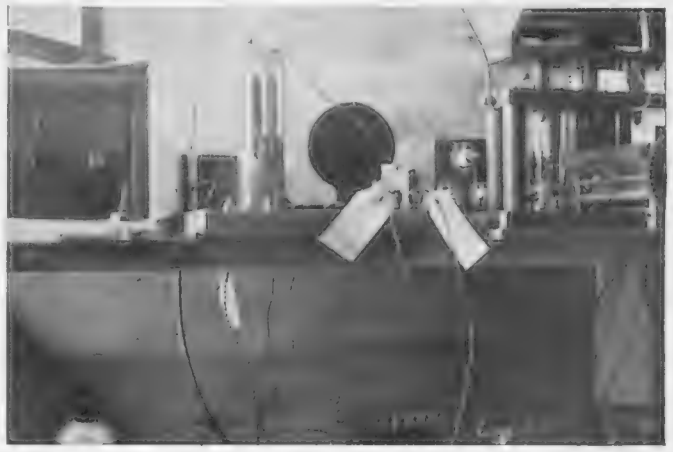
At the time of the 1928 Italian airship disaster in the eastern Arctic, there was considerable discussion as to why certain wireless messages were never received; it was furthermore suggested in certain circles that transmission at such a high latitude was impracticable.

For the purposes of the research in question, the expedition was equipped with a transmitter and a receiver. The latter was situated in the main Base hut, while the transmitter was lodged in a small hut built for that purpose, to give a distance of 80 yards between the two. Current for these instruments was generated by a Petter engine, which worked perfectly.

The transmitter sent out fifty bursts of pulses a second, each pulse lasting one-three-thousandth of a second. Some of these travelled directly along the surface of the ground to the receiver, while others were shot up into space to be reflected down again. The receiver was fitted with a cathode-ray oscillograph, by means of which these pulses could be turned into light rays. It was thereby possible to photograph the waves received.

Those vibrations that travelled along the ground gave what is known as a ground wave, and formed a base for the measurement of the other waves. Since these instruments were working to an accuracy of one one-hundred-thousandth of a second, it was possible subsequently to measure exactly the height of the reflecting layer.

The height of these layers may vary between 60 and 600 kilometres above the earth's surface, though different layers will reflect different wavelengths. The well-known phenomenon of fading, which occurs more frequently on the shorter wave band, is of course due to the presence of a hole in the particular layer reflecting those wavelengths, so that they pass on into space.



THE TRANSMITTING SET used by the Oxford University Arctic Expedition for its remarkable experiments with wireless waves

On the expedition, there were two methods of carrying out this research. First, each day at 11.00 hours G.M.T., after the transmitting valves had been warmed in the oven, one man would go over to the instrument and, setting it to radiate a very short wavelength, wait for it to be snap-photographed by the receiver. In accordance with a conventional code on the communicating telephone bell, he would set the dials for a slightly longer wavelength, and wait for this to be snapped. And so on, until in perhaps half an hour it was found that no more waves were reflected back to earth. In this manner was found the critical wavelength for that particular day.

The other method was to set the transmitter to a fixed wavelength, and with the receiver's shutters open, make a continuous exposure on a revolving ribbon of photographic paper. One then had, to all intents and purposes, a photograph of a cross-section of the earth's atmosphere.

It must be further understood that any pulse sent out by a transmitter is not necessarily reflected only once from the ionosphere. It may be once, or countless times. It is possible for a wave to be reflected back and forth between the earth and the ionosphere all round the world.

The expedition brought back many valuable and unexpected results. It was found that certain critical wavelengths do actually pass through clouds of auroral activity, though this of course may impair the reception in the greater number of cases. Also that the "E" layer is present at midday throughout the arctic winter, even when this layer is within the earth's shadow. The ion density is, however, higher at midday than at midnight. The "F" layer was observed in summer to split into two, the "F_1" and the "F_2", the latter being somewhat erratic, and its cause unknown.

There is still much work to be done in this direction, and it is believed that considerable information could be amassed from a station situated directly over the magnetic pole.

SPEED . . . *On the Line*

A BULK ORDER: Just a few of the twenty-six engines built at the North British Locomotive Works, Glasgow, and now being shipped en masse to Egypt for the State Railway system

THEY BELIEVE IN IT: While other countries have tended to lose a certain amount of their original wild enthusiasm for super-streamlining on the railroad, America has shown no such falling off, and nearly all the leading companies are expending big sums on the perfection of "the bullet on rails". *The City of Los Angeles*, which is depicted above, is the most powerful newcomer and is said to be capable of developing speeds in excess of 110 m.p.h. She belongs to the Union-Pacific-Chicago and North-Western system and is powered with six 900-h.p diesels

CANADA SHOWS RESTRAINT: Power, speed, and an attractive semi-streamlined sheathing are the features of this new type locomotive devised by the C.P.R. for transcontinental service. The exterior of the engine is smooth and very modern in appearance, but grotesqueries have been successfully avoided

CROSSING . . .

An L.N.E.R. streamlined train passing the sign which was erected this summer about two and a half miles north of Berwick-on-Tweed Station and which marks the dividing line between England and Scotland

. . . THE BORDER

Above on left—
THE SANDERLING: A particularly charming bird and rather a rare species of wader that is an autumn visitor to these shores, frequenting, for the most part, wide, sandy beaches. This picture, together with the others on this page, is taken from "Fish-Hawk's" *Studies of British Birds* which has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth

THE TURNSTONE: A bird that is regarded by gourmets as the most delicate of all the waders, but it is seldom that anyone takes the trouble to obtain a bag as the species is not sufficiently plentiful to justify the effort

On left—
A SURFACE FEEDING DUCK: The shoveller, a summer visitor to Britain, is an odd looking creature, its wide, heavy beak making it appear almost grotesque alongside its more normally proportioned relations and rendering it easy enough to identify

On left—
GUILLEMOT AND CHICK: The most interesting thing about these birds is the way in which one may frequently come across family parties of them 100 miles or more from land, the young ones often being quite unable to fly. How the latter are brought down from the high ledges where they are hatched has long been a very much debated point

On left—
THE PINTAIL: This is one of the commonest surface-feeding ducks and is to be found for the most part in salt water. It is favoured by sportsmen, being a fast flyer and challenging the ability of the best of shots

BIRDS OF BRITAIN

Highlights of an Enthralling New Volume

ORNITHOLOGISTS will undoubtedly read with immense interest "Fish-Hawk's" new volume, *Studies of British Birds* (Duckworth. 15s.), which has just made its appearance and is undoubtedly a fine contribution to natural historical literature.

The book is the fruit of many years of patient and devoted bird-watching on hill and shore, especially in the wilder parts of the British Isles, and the text, while devoid of technical jargon, bears all the stamp of trained observation.

Perhaps of most outstanding interest is the passage referring to the peregrine; and the description of how it makes its kill is so well recounted that it deserves quotation verbatim.

"There is perhaps more nonsense talked about how a Peregrine strikes his game in stooping than on any other subject to do with Hawks. What actually happens is this: the Hawk mounts high above his game, possibly four to six hundred feet above, and then, almost closing his wings, he falls towards his victim, the pull of gravity being assisted by shallow strokes of his powerful pinions. As he falls the feet are brought forward under the breast, the toes clenched with the immensely powerful hinder toe projecting from the front three which are bent up out of harm's way. The Hawk's body passes clear of the bird he strikes, but the clenched feet and hind toe strike the bird and the long, needle-sharp hind claw acts like a knife, cutting through flesh and bone and bringing death and destruction in its path. As the Falcon is travelling at approximately a hundred-and-fifty miles an hour when the blow is delivered, the effect on a Partridge or Grouse is instantaneous. The resultant shock to the Falcon is absorbed by the gradual straightening of the leg joints, so that after it has passed its quarry the legs are once more extended behind the bird as in the normal flying position. The quarry then naturally falls to the ground, while the Falcon zooms upward and then flattening out descends at its leisure to pick up its dead game. There are authentic records of birds of the size of a Ptarmigan being cut in two by the force of a Falcon's stoop, whilst I have myself seen so large a bird as a Cormorant knocked endways in the air and on examination found its head almost severed.

"Though Peregrines do kill a fair quantity of game, they also perform a most useful function in keeping down the tremendous number of Jackdaws which would otherwise infest every cliff in Scotland, and since Jackdaws will eat far more Grouse eggs than the Peregrine will kill Grouse, it is false economy to shoot the Hawks and reprieve the Jackdaws."

HOW A PEREGRINE FALCON STRIKES HIS GAME: A dramatic picture from *Studies of British Birds*, showing the attacker swooping downwards at incredible speed, leaving behind it the grouse it has killed with its needle sharp hind claw

What are the Wild Waves Doing?

BATTLING BACK TO PORT

The fishing trawler *Riby* struggling towards Scarborough harbour with heavy seas surging round. A typical November scene on the East Coast where the storms have been particularly violent during the past week or so. Just after this picture was taken the *Riby* collided with the lighthouse pier but came to no harm

HOME AT LAST

This herring drifter, like many others, had a stiff fight to reach Yarmouth harbour on returning from the fishing grounds last week. A number of boats have been in difficulties and at neighbouring Lowestoft nine men of the drifter *Reclaim* lost their lives in a collision on November 19

NEW ERA: A Chinese actress as she appeared before and after donning the magnificent headgear in which she appeared in a recent production. Feminine parts used to be taken by men, but modern audiences, influenced by the West, now clamour for women players

TURMOIL ON THE CHINESE STAGE

The Old Dramas are Doomed to Wither as Western Ideas and Technique Slowly Invade the Country

BY JULIUS EIGNER

AT the present time when tremendous cultural upheavals are being experienced all over China, upheavals that are quite apart from the war with Japan, it would be a wonder if the Chinese theatre, which plays such a dominant part in the nation's cultural life, were to remain unaffected. Although theatre fans, both foreign and Chinese, regret this wave of modernity, they cannot stem its progress. The quaint medievalism of the Chinese stage as exemplified by the female impersonators and its highly alluring symbolism are both singled out to disappear first.

As the "Red Carpet," the world of make-believe, holds such an important place in China, it is natural that ever since the desire for modernity has become articulate, the cry for a modern stage has been loudest. It started with the tour to the United States and Europe of Mei Lan-fang, China's leading actor, where he became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Western stage-craft.

It is no exaggeration to say that no theatre of the world, not excluding the temple plays of Attica and the religious-ecstatic plays of medieval Europe, exercises such a tremendous influence as does the show world of the Celestial Republic. Many explanations of this fact have been forwarded of which, however, none seems satisfactory.

First it must be understood that the Chinese word for a stage performance, *hsi*, has been wrongly translated; it means opera, not drama. The Chinese go to listen to a play rather than to see it. As in Europe people may go to the same opera fifty times but rarely more than once to the same drama, so the Chinese go to their *hsi* time and again without ever getting tired of it. Moreover, the Chinese, matter-of-fact business men or shrewd calculators, long for an opportunity to give free rein to their imagination and sentimentality.

Secondly, it must be made clear that the theatre epitomises China's age-old history, its great men, valiant generals, and outstanding women. It is a crystallisation of the country's folklore, its fairy tales and legends. Like a picture book it speaks in a riot of colour of times gone by, of love and sorrow both in palaces and huts, of glorious and wicked rulers, of virtuous and sensuous women. While appealing to the senses with its songs, dances, and splendid pageant of colourful robes, it gives an elementary lesson in history, religion, and the traditions of past ages. These lessons are understood by all, but best by the legions of illiterates. It is therefore not impossible that a servant, by going frequently to the theatre, may have a more vivid idea of the country's confusing history as represented by its kings, generals, scholars and captivating women, than many a scholar who has gathered his knowledge from the unimaginative pages of a history book.

To be convinced of this statement, one only has to go to the Chinese drama once, to watch the many enraptured listeners, mostly simple folk, forgetful of the whole world as the pages of the country's glittering, breathlessly exciting, glamorous, and sweeping history unfold. Shouting an occasional *Hao Hao*, (good), but otherwise remaining unperturbed, they follow the performances from the early afternoon until long after midnight.

Yet, all this impression is achieved through a theatre which in no way corresponds to our own. There is a fundamental difference between the Western and the Chinese dramas. A Chinese play almost invariably is the product of several playwrights, whose names nobody knows. It just grew. A dramatic structure, a plot in our sense of the word, is something about which the Chinese never bother. The songs are the main attraction whereas the uniting dialogue is wholly extempore. If, as in some cases, it has been handed down from previous generations, it has been done verbally.

The performances as given on one evening, moreover, never consist of a single play as with us, but of a random selection of scenes from many plays which have no connection whatsoever. This can be done without violation to the tendency of the play because there is no tendency. In addition, all dramas—the whole Peiping theatre has a repertoire of only about 100—are known to the people more or less by heart so that the performance of just one scene of an otherwise unwieldy forty-scene production is sufficient to conjure up all its associations.

Generally it may be said that, aside from the historical performances which mainly serve as a vehicle for the display of gorgeous robes, Chinese dramas are based on moral and ethical principles. Scenes upholding filial piety, loyalty, and love as motive for sacrifices of all kinds, are greatly appreciated. The story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* without the race problem, is a typical example of a popular play in China.

The Chinese consider a good story one containing all the elements of their every-day life.

Marco Polo's visit to China coincided with an up to then unprecedented development of the Chinese dramatic art. The Yuan Play, so called after the Yuan dynasty, the founder of which was Jenghis Khan and under whose followers the Venetian traveller held high posts in Chinese administration, succeeded in catching the interest of the broad masses. In these Yuan dramas many religious and historical motives were interwoven for the first time. This change of character is largely responsible for the great influence which the Celestial stage came to wield.

One of the most popular plays known in China, *The Romance of the Western Chamber*, which has gained a wide popularity both in England and the United States, belongs to this group. It was written early in the fourteenth century.

After further vicissitudes, resulting, however, only in minor changes, the Peking drama came to be accepted as the highest expression of Chinese dramatic genius. This is explicable by the fact that the emperors of the last two dynasties resided there, and that they were generous to the actors.

Even to-day Peiping lives up to this honour. China's greatest actors, such as the "Big Four"—Mei Lan-fang, Chen Yuen-Chu, Hsun Hui-chen, and Shang Hsiao-yun—as well as others, live and perform the greater part of the year in Peiping. Incidentally the most famous actors in China are always female impersonators. Once a year they go on a tour, visiting especially Hankow, Nanking, and Shanghai, where an appreciative audience is always ready to hail them as the country's outstanding exponent of dramatic art.

Turning now to a review of the actual happenings on the stage, it must first be stated that no classification of the various kinds of plays, such as opera, drama, ballet, etc., exists. There is even no distinction between tragedies and comedies. The only classification is according to the character type of the actors. A drama in which the principal actor is an old man, for instance, is known as bearded-role play; where the star is a general it is called big face play; and when there is an actor playing a woman it is called flowery dawn play.

The most typical Chinese aspect of the theatre is its symbolism. It is carried to such an extreme that the stage can do without any properties whatsoever. The realism of the Western stage is abhorred in China as it leaves no room for imagination. A whip stands for a horse; a table for a mountain; an unlighted candle on the table that it is night.

Another factor testifying to the extreme form of make-believe, is the property-man, who is probably without a counterpart in the world. He is dressed in a black gown, which means that he does not exist in the flesh, and wanders about the stage not in the least mindful of the proceedings. He chats with his colleagues, munches melon seeds and drinks tea, all of this on the open stage. He carries chairs, tables, weapons to and fro.

This negation of realities reaches its climax in the portrayal of women by men, a feat which is carried to incredible heights by the female impersonators and in which the Celestial stage reaches its most sublime expression. These impersonators, known to the Chinese as "Flowery Dawn" in allusion to their female dresses, owe their existence to the rigid Chinese moral code. The very idea of having persons of both sexes playing together on the stage would have been a shock to all Chinese, at least up to the beginning of this century. It was against propriety, against morality, against the law, in short, it was impossible.

Alas—all these quaint characteristics, which have endowed the Chinese theatrical art with a place all of its own, are doomed to wither. With the advance of American and European motion pictures in China, the introduction thereby of a straight-forward and exciting story, and most of all through the strange fluidum called sex appeal, the Chinese have come to regard these qualities which we have just attempted to outline as distinct drawbacks. To-day, a modern show is not complete without a revolving stage, modern lighting effects, mechanical contraptions of all sorts, Western scenery and the whole alien paraphernalia of properties.

Granted that it will take a long time until the last traces of the Peking theatre have vanished, it is nonetheless a fact that its days are numbered. Efforts to introduce a "modern" theatre are in evidence everywhere. One of these is the recent substitution of actresses for female impersonators. The cry for sex appeal, the latter of course lacking when a man portrays a woman, is much to blame for it. The "Green Room" is slowly filling with actresses, in spite of the fact that the conservative elements among the theatre fans resent it.

Who is going to predict the future? Students of the Chinese stage utterly regret this so-called modern development. They hope however that the sure instinct of the Chinese in all matters artistic will prevail in the end and that such a unique institution as the Chinese theatre will continue to exist with all its inconsequences, its symbolism, its "flowery dawns," with one word, all its "drawbacks," for the delectation of the generation to come. Or else its specific charm will be irrevocably lost.

A TRIAL AT THE COURT OF PEKING is depicted in this scene from one of the traditional Chinese plays in which the western-influenced element in the community now shows a greatly waning interest. It is a matter of grave doubt, indeed, whether the old drama of the Celestial Kingdom will survive many years longer

WHEN ONE AND TWO MAKE FOUR: Pupils of the Mayfair School of Dancing, Singing, and Acting posing in front of a mirror at Robson House, Westbourne Grove, where they are now in the midst of their busy season. Some of them have been taking part in the "Pageantry of Dancing" display at Kensington Borough Health Exhibition, while others are preparing for their appearance in pantomime

DANCE LITTLE LADIES

London Girls Prepare for Christmas Shows: Radio City's Rockettes

THIS is a time of bustling activity in London's dancing schools, and indeed all over the country girls are rehearsing for pantomimes and other shows in which they have been selected to appear at producers' auditions. A few of them will feel the urge to adopt the stage as a career, and many a talented youngster has emerged to stardom via her first shy performance in panto.

HUSTLE IN THE GREEN ROOM: Members of the Rockettes, the ballet at Radio City Music Hall, New York, one of the world's largest places of entertainment, being fitted with costumes. Forty seamstresses are constantly at work making dresses

On right—

GLIMPSED THROUGH THE WINGS: The Rockettes in action on Radio City Music Hall's vast stage, which is described as "a city block wide." This particular troupe was over in Paris last summer for the International Exhibition

SYDENHAM'S WILDERNESS! One of the familiar water towers of the Crystal Palace standing forlornly at one end of the site of the gutted exhibition building which, until last year's conflagration, was London's most notable landmark. Most of the metal-work has been removed and is now helping to meet the urgent raw material needs of Britain's armament programme. Acres of brickwork remain

CHARRED FRAGMENTS OF COLOURED TILES are all that remain on the Crystal Palace site to-day of the series of elaborate courts illustrating the architecture and sculpture of various nations and periods from early Egyptian to late Gothic

LONDON'S NEW AIR G.H.Q.: Excavating the site of Imperial Airways' head-quarters which are being built alongside Victoria Station and will have a frontage near the Ebury Bridge end of Buckingham Palace Road, facing Victoria Coach Station. The entire administrative staff will be housed there and it will be the departure point for all travellers leaving for Croydon and the Continent

ROUND LONDON . . .

MUNICIPALITIES AND MUSIC

Do Local Bodies Play Their Part in Encouraging and Fostering Orchestras?—Coronation Year Impetus

SAID a lady novelist to me: "I like a municipal orchestra on the radio. I imagine I'm staying in the town where it is playing. It reminds me of Pump Rooms, Jane Austen, maidenhair ferns, seaside holidays, Anglo-Indians, preparatory schools, Persian Markets and Monastery Gardens, wide streets, clean Georgian houses, and the opulent part of Folkestone which is so like Le Touquet."

That, of course, is the unblushingly literary approach. But it crystallises the general attitude towards municipal orchestras; and it leads to the solemn question, what are they? Because the Hallé, Bath Pump Room, and Hastings Municipal Orchestras are all run by local government bodies, must we lump them together? Must we consider Toselli's "Serenata" in Leamington Spa side by side with Walton's "Symphony" in Manchester or Birmingham? The work of our great city orchestras is too well known to need much comment. The work of twenty-piece pump room orchestras is confined mainly to very light stuff. In between, we have the true municipal orchestra (average strength forty) which bridges the gulf from "light" to "serious" music, and makes the cultural progress which has this year created the phrase "The Municipal Orchestra Movement." The centres of that activity are Hastings, Bournemouth, and the South Coast.

Coronation year has given an extra impetus to local music. With this is connected the Festival Movement. And the third force is the B.B.C. which, says Sir Adrian Boult, will this season "take advantage of the rich musical resources of each Region." Well and good: the B.B.C. has done its bit. But have the Borough Councils done theirs? Newspaper letters complain of the lukewarm attitude of municipal bodies towards music. Very few spas and resorts can boast an orchestra all the year round. For this reason, it is alleged, music lovers make pilgrimages to Continental resorts where a first-rate municipal orchestra is second only to the casino as a "stupendous attraction." Music is an amenity, like parks and art galleries; each town, therefore, ought to have an orchestra, and to this end musical societies should agitate.

So say musical correspondents, taking the view that "an amenity is a necessity." Not so the Borough Councils. "Municipal orchestras don't pay," they believe. Many supporters of more advanced music, too, look to amateur orchestras for their satisfaction, finding municipal orchestras inadequate. The latter must often be augmented in order to perform a major opus. Normally the Bournemouth orchestra (forty-seven players) reaches the highest standard a combination of that size can attain, but it must occasionally be increased to sixty or more players, so thin do the strings sound.

By music critics the municipal orchestra is treated patronisingly. "Serious Music at the Seaside!" smiles a London headline; and Julius Harrison of Hastings is described as "rigidly conscientious", "appealingly earnest". As for the Bournemouth Orchestra, people never seem to forget that it was once "Dan Godfrey's Band".

Nevertheless Harrison at Hastings and Richard Austin at Bournemouth are the live wires of the Municipal Orchestra Movement. They both began their winter seasons on October 16. There is keen rivalry between them. Hearing that the Bournemouth Corporation had decided to augment its orchestra permanently to sixty-one players, Julius Harrison, whose orchestra is only thirty-five strong, said in an interview: "This is a challenge that we must not allow to pass. If our orchestra is to survive it will need to be considerably increased in strength. Another dozen or so players would enable me to present works that are untouchable with my present force."

Need the spread of municipal orchestras be confined to spas and resorts? Other cultural centres lack them. To judge by the *Municipal Year Book*, most town clerks are not a bit proud of their local music even if they have it. Bournemouth alone claims a "world-wide reputation" for its own. Folkestone refers to its military band, but not to the highly efficient orchestra under Eldridge Newman. Norwich, Hove, and Eastbourne blush modestly and confess they have municipal *bands*. Actually Norwich has had a musical reorganisation, and now enjoys a new municipal orchestra under Maddern Williams. Liverpool is justly proud of owning the most up-to-date abattoir in the world (costing £670,000) but hushes up its fine orchestra, and its pioneer Philharmonic Society (founded 1840). Torquay records with pride its £550,000 waterworks and £1,334,000 electricity scheme; but what of Ernest Goss's orchestra which broadcasts every Tuesday afternoon?

If you want a permanent municipal orchestra, you must scream for it as a baby for a rusk. Weston-super-Mare bullied its Council, and now has an orchestra all the year round. There are weekly symphony concerts, with guest artistes such as Elisabeth Schumann and Moiseiwitsch. The Council still threatens to suspend the orchestra during the winter if it doesn't pay; but Weston knows how to control its Council.

A municipal orchestra must always "play for safety", or it will lose public money.

Even the Hallé and Birmingham orchestras, in the leading class, must to some extent assume that we know what we like and like what we know, and stick mainly to a solid classical groundwork of symphonies. Bournemouth is proud of its occasional experiments. Rossini's "Thieving Magpie" overture is almost its signature tune; and of the little-performed Glazounov Seventh Symphony a local correspondent writes: "Even in Bournemouth the work has received only one performance during the last twenty years."

Of the ordinary municipal orchestra, entertainment must remain a major function; but the excessive versatility by which a pump-room orchestra has to drop its fiddles and seize its saxophones, and switch over from a Mendelssohn violin concerto to a musical comedy selection or xylophone solo at a moment's notice, will hardly last. I believe it is on the wane. "Light" music is not invariably bad music, and there is plenty of better and equally melodious stuff for small instrumental combinations. Clever arrangers and musical sleuths like Julius Harrison can find, adapt, and popularise it. Occasional augmentation takes the municipal orchestra out of its province. Encouraged by local authorities and the B.B.C., municipal orchestras are going ahead in both quantity and quality. So let us look forward to tuning-in to Bournemouth, Bath, Eastbourne, Folkestone, Hastings, Torquay, and the rest.

Alan Jenkins

TO THE CAPE AND BACK IN UNDER SIX DAYS

Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston and Mrs. Betty Kirby-Green Return to Croydon After a Record-Breaking Journey

JOURNEY'S END: Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston and Mrs. Betty Kirby-Green watched by enthusiastic spectators as they climbed from their Comet monoplane at Croydon after completing the return flight from Cape Town in 57 hrs. 23 mins. and making the round trip in the incredibly short time of 5 days 17 hrs. 28 mins. It was a wonderful feat of endurance, with halts of the briefest en route, and the machine which also won the Melbourne Air Race behaved magnificently throughout

WEARY BUT TRIUMPHANT: The flyers pictured at Croydon immediately after arrival. Mr. Clouston, who is a civilian test pilot at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, obtained a week's leave from his duties to take part in the flight which was originally planned by Mrs. Kirby-Green who herself has had only a year's flying experience. Throughout the trip they took turns at the controls

READING MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION: Mr. Clouston, his fiancée, Miss Elsie Turner (left), and Mrs. Kirby-Green pictured as they were about to leave Croydon by car for London last Saturday afternoon. Miss Turner, who is employed at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, became engaged to Mr. Clouston on the very eve of departure for the Cape

On right—THE TOAST: Miss Elsie Turner, Mr. Clouston, and Mrs. Kirby-Green pictured with friends at Grosvenor House where they celebrated the success of the flight, afterwards broadcasting in the B.B.C.'s "In Town To-night" programme

SNOW—FOG—FROST—ICE

Winter Plays Its Four Trump Cards At Once

ENGLAND'S FIRST FALL OF THE SEASON: Clearing the snow from an A.A. box on the Sheffield–Manchester road last Saturday where winter made its presence felt in earnest. In many parts of the north country cars were held up by the drifts and snowploughs were busy, while the Barrow–Newby Bridge and Lancaster–Kendal roads were icebound

IN WINTER'S FIERCE GRIP: A hiker pausing to admire the frozen waterfall in Glen Ogle, Perthshire, transformed overnight into a fairyland of icicles and evidencing just how severely cold it has been north of the Border during the past week or so

Riders out for early morning exercise in Epping Forest where the hoar frost lent to the scene an added beauty, transforming trees, grass, and bushes by its magic touch

KING FROST

Followers of the Garth Hunt waiting for hounds to draw after a meet at Hecklefield Place. Hunting has been temporarily held up in some parts of the country on account of weather conditions

EXPECTANCY

On left—FOG OVER LONDON: Riders in Rotten Row found conditions far from their liking last Sunday morning when the metropolis experienced a typical November "pea-souper." So thick was it, indeed, that four London Transport buses were involved in two separate collisions, no fewer than twenty people being taken to hospital

LONDON to see CATALAN ART

Primitive Masterpieces from Separatist Spain to be Shown Here Following Their Exhibition in Paris

By ALEXANDER WATT

BYZANTINE INSPIRATION IN CATALAN ART OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY is revealed in this antependium (veil for front of altar) from the church of St. Clement in Tahull; an outstanding work in the collection that has been on view in Paris and is now coming to London. The figures of Christ and His disciples were first carved in half relief and then affixed to the wooden background

THE HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE: This is the subject of this page from a tenth-century manuscript which is the earliest work in the collection of Catalan art that is coming to London. It formerly belonged to Urgell Cathedral

A RICH ALTARPIECE OF EMBOSSED SILVER: A magnificent fourteenth-century work from the cathedral at Gerona, northern Catalonia, its various scenes depicting incidents in the life of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints

THE STANDARD OF ST. EUDES: This rather tattered but now carefully preserved twelfth-century banner was discovered in a secret hiding place in the cathedral at Urgell and is now the property of Barcelona Art Museum

DISCOVERED IN AN ARAGON VILLAGE CHURCH: A head of Christ carved in wood by a craftsman in the second half of the twelfth century. It is stained, and painted here and there with deft touches of light colouring

THE Exhibition of Catalan Art, which has been held throughout the summer and autumn at the Musée du Jeu de Paume in Paris, is shortly to be presented in London, and there is no doubt that it will command as much attention here as in the French capital. This ensemble of paintings, sculpture, and objets d'art is a testimony of the successful efforts of the Catalonian Government to bring together forgotten and widely dispersed works. Contrary to what may be generally believed, the collection was not sent to Paris as a safeguard against possible destruction in Spain during the civil war. Some time ago the Catalonian Government started to save works of art from being bought up by foreign collectors. With this end in view they catalogued every important painting, statue, and objet d'art. When the civil war broke out they were at once able to collect the treasures from the churches and install them safely in the Museum of Catalan Art in Barcelona.

The works sent to Paris, and now coming on to London, cover the period from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, and really constitute the inspiration of Separatist Catalonia's modern art movement.

For a thorough appreciation of this work it is necessary to understand the important part played in its evolution by successive Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic elements. Catalonia, it must be remembered, was in direct contact with all the artistic movements active in Europe. Political and commercial relationships, as well as the geographical situation of the country, put Catalonia in close touch with southern France (over part of which she exercised her rule); with Italy, who did a considerable maritime trade with Catalonia (which, owing to the dominion of Aragon over southern Italy, was later to develop into a political alliance); and with the near East and Oriental religious world whose pilgrims passed by Catalonia by way of Rome and the Alps and Pyrenees.

During the fourteenth century this little kingdom of Catalonia developed into a veritable European State. While some of these international relationships were gaining in importance, and others changing according to political circumstances, Catalonia, during the early manifestations of Gothic Art, was closely connected with the Court of the Popes at Avignon which, at the confluence of the two artistic currents emanating from the north of Europe and from Italy, was then essentially the art centre of Gothic technique. In the present exhibition it is interesting to note how the early Spanish artists were obviously influenced by these factors and, later, by this predominating Gothic Art, yet succeeded in endowing their noble inspirations of religious theme with a definite Iberian character.

An outstanding feature of the collection is the various methods and materials employed to replace the precious metals which the Catalonian artists do not seem to have been able to procure. Thus it will be noticed how the use of gold paint and pure tempera and oil colour, in imitation of gold, silver, and enamel, has given a brilliant, ornate appearance to most of the altarpieces. In several of the pictures, too, stucco has been used for purposes of sculptural motifs in relief in imitation of fine carving. But, whereas during the Romanesque period the transposition of such motifs and materials resulted, as often as not, in mere imitation, this Catalonian art is peculiarly original. Strictly speaking, it has more in keeping with that of France and Flanders than that of Italy.

Such artists as Ferrer Bassa, the Serra brothers, Lluis Borrassà, the Mestre de Sant Jordi, Lluis Dalman, Jaume Huguet, Bartolomeus Bermejo, and Alfonso de Baeza were responsible for the successively brilliant periods in the early history of Catalan art which, unfortunately, fell into decadence at the moment when the Italian Renaissance was starting a new world evolution.

Of the 120 works of art included in the collection a tenth-century illumination is one of the earliest. It figures in a rare manuscript of the Apocalypse, from the cathedral at Urgell. From the same church comes the famous standard of Saint Eudes. This rather tattered but carefully preserved twelfth-century banner was acquired by the Museum of Catalan Art in Barcelona on being discovered in a secret hiding place in the altar of the cathedral. Two of the most striking examples of the influences of Byzantine and Romanesque art are to be found in the antependium from the church of Saint Clement in Tahull, in the Boi valley of the Pyrenees; and the fresco of the apostles from Orcau Castle Both are products of the early twelfth century.

The antependium is a fine example of the majestic simplicity of the art of the wood-carvers of this period. The figures of the twelve apostles as well as the central figure of Christ were first carved in half relief and then affixed to the screen background. The mosaic-like colouring and the stiff drapery of the figures in the fresco were obviously inspired by Byzantine subjects of analogous theme. Another admirable and most moving twelfth-century conception is the serene head of Christ (recently discovered in an Aragon village) carved in wood, stained, and painted with touches of light colouring.

The magnificent altarpiece and baldachin from the cathedral of Gerona, depicting the life of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, is one of the greatest masterpieces of fourteenth-century Catalan silversmith's work. This sumptuous piece, entirely worked in embossed silver inlaid with precious stones and translucid enamels, was executed by Père Bernec, silversmith to King Peter IV.

CHARM and TYPE PORTRAYED

A Second Selection of Pictures from the 46th Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show

On right—"MISS JOSEPHINE COLEBROOK": Frederic Whiting's study of the girl four-in-hand driver, is one of the outstanding pictures at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition now being held at the Royal Institute Galleries

"MRS. SANDERS WATNEY": Doris Zinkeisen, employing the semi-stylised technique that she and her sister use with such effect, is the painter of this interesting portrait, which is rendered particularly striking by its bold colour contrasts. This is her only contribution to this year's show

"MASTER DOMINIC ELWES": Simon Elwes, one of the leading lights among the younger portraitists, painted this study of his son

"PORTRAIT SKETCH," by W. B. E. Ranken, a Chelsea artist who in his long career has won distinction both as a portraitist and a painter of palaces

On left—"NANNIE TRICKETT": A clever character study by Oswald Birley, who has no fewer than seven portraits in the present exhibition

"STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT": Bold draughtsmanship is the feature of this canvas by Jas. A. Grant, which depicts Mrs. Philip Connard, wife of the distinguished R.A.

"GOING GREEK" GOING STRONG AT THE GAIETY: Fred Emney, Leslie Henson, and Gavin Gordon combine in some superb fooling in this bright musical show which is now well into its stride. Mr. Henson and Mr. Emney will be seen on December 9 in the cabaret of the midnight matinee to be given at the Coliseum in aid of the London Fever Hospital

DRAMA *and* FILMS *of*

"The Silent Knight" Sprawls Over Three Acts and Between Two Stools: How to Foil the Man with the Black Moustache and the Blue Paper: The Habima Players at the Savoy

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE announcement that a play has been "adapted from the Hungarian" has come to fill me with foreboding. There is something in the air of Hungary, it seems, which makes a dramatist out of 95 per cent. of the adult population, 95 per cent. of whose output is translated into English and produced in London with great care and expense, 95 per cent. of such productions, from Molnar upwards, registering failure.

Wherefore Mr. Gilbert Miller is to be congratulated at least on his pluck in presenting *The Silent Knight* at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Humbert Wolfe on his dexterity (rather than any poetic afflatus) in having dished it out in rhymed couplets, possibly as a concession to the imminent pantomime season.

The thing is fantasy, so no time need be wasted over consideration of the probabilities. A medieval damsel, proud and haughty, with "La Belle Dame sans Merci" in every fold of her heavy, velvet gown, is chattering with her attendant women. From the window—or should it be casement?—they espy a knight gazing longingly. When he secures an interview he declares that for one kiss he will pay any penalty. After much pouting, and prunsing, and prisming, she gives him his kiss, and tells him the price is that he is not to utter a syllable for three years.

When eighteen months or so have passed we find the knight is the favourite general of some king or other, with thousands of ducats as the reward for anyone who can cure his dumbness, but instant decapitation as the fate of the person who tries and fails. The lady meets him again, releases him from the bargain, and begs him to speak. He refuses, even when her pretty neck is in danger, and it is only on the very scaffold, with the knight disguised as the Lord High Executioner, that all is put right, what might have been a gory death-scene being transformed, by means of no little ingenuity and a revolving stage, into a picturesque wedding.

Now such fantasies, allegories, essays in Renaissance verbiage and fooling are all very well in their way if you happen to like their way. There are only two methods of putting a yarn like this on the stage (which is not, I should add, the stage of some dizzily intellectual repertory theatre on a Sunday evening). One is to condense it into one act, play it at great speed, and emphasise the ironically humorous aspect. The other is to go all out for a poetic drama, to use language of literary beauty, if not near Shakespeare at least near Stephen Phillips—and to take everything quite seriously.

In its present state *The Silent Knight* sprawls over three acts and between two stools. It is difficult to keep uppermost in one's mind the thought that it is all supposed to be awfully funny when one sees an executioner, axe in hand, interviewing in her cell the girl on whom he is about to perform with that axe, with prayers for the dying and funeral chants as an accompaniment. Not even the fact that the dialogue here took rather a facetious turn could lessen the essential grimness of the atmosphere.

Nor were romantic episodes made the more romantic by being conducted in much the sort of language Aladdins and Cinderellas and Robinson Crusoes by the score are probably rehearsing at this very moment. I do not even know what reaction this play, surely the queerest fish ever placed before them, is intended to have on St. James's Theatre audiences. I could not endorse any such final tag as—

> "And now our play,
> *The Silent Knight*, has ended,
> Amusement with instruction has been blended."

Save in the matter of costumes and scenery of truly remarkable beauty I was certainly not instructed. And "we were not amused."

Miss Diana Wynyard, looking just as lovely as her clothes, marred her performance by being too arch during one half of the play, and too peevish during the other. She also falls into the rather prevalent error of, apparently, thinking that the way to speak verse on the stage is to over-emphasise the first word of every line and then allow the rest of it to fade away into complete inaudibility.

In this case such inaudibility tended to put the story out of joint; at one moment I formed the honest theory that the silent knight did not break his silence simply because he had not the vaguest idea of what she was saying to him. Had Miss Margaretta Scott, a colourless but kind-hearted Queen, played the part this episode would have been less obscure.

Miss Scott and that fine actor, Mr. Lyn Harding, mooning about superbly accoutred as a sort of Good King Wenceslas, had a scene which was not a question of making bricks without straw. There was nothing out of which the pair of them could have made even one straw.

Mr. Ralph Richardson, the silent knight, has not for some time had so poor a part. After his amorous

REALISM IN THE WILD WEST: This dramatic scene in which a train crashes into a level-crossing gate, sending splinters flying in all directions, was made the other day for *Kate Plus Ten*, the adventure film starring Jack Hulbert and Genevieve Tobin. It was enacted on a lonely stretch of line in Somerset

PRIM MISSIONARY AND UNKEMPT BEACHCOMBER: These are the parts taken by Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton in their new film, *Vessel of Wrath*, some of the shots for which have been made in the South of France. It is the first production of the Mayflower Company which Mr. Laughton and Mr. Erich Pommer are running jointly, and it gives the former an opportunity to display his undoubted talents in a comedy role. By the exigencies of fate, he has played almost exclusively heavily serious parts in the past

the WEEK

protestations in Act I his task was confined mainly to silent gestures of noble negation. What contrast here to succulent Shavian parts and the amazing loquaciousness of Dr. Clitterhouse!

"Think of a Number."—When you are hourly expecting a writ (what jolly ideas these farce-writers have, and how sound is their policy of choosing subjects which will enable an audience to bid farewell to all troubles so long as the curtain is up!) it is not a bad notion to unscrew the number on the door of the flat and make an exchange with that of the next flat.

This is what Tony Brownlow, the hero of *Think of a Number* at the Comedy Theatre, did in typically farcical fashion. The gentleman with a black moustache and a blue paper was thus foiled. But Tony was landed in a far stickier tangle, since, owing to the change of number, exiled gangsters from Chicago thought he was one of themselves and the remainder of the play is devoted to tough guys, to commands to "stick-em-up," and to brandishing of sawn-off shot guns and other murderous weapons with which that mighty educational factor, the film-world, has made us familiar.

Incongruity being one of the essentials of farce, we are shown that delicate droll, Mr. Douglas Byng, mistaken for, and successfully pretending to be, a revolver-pointing criminal, fiercer in accent than in appearance. Mr. Byng is very funny. But I think Mr. Byng could be still more funny if he identified himself more closely with the play, flimsy thing though it be. This is his first appearance, it is said, in "the legit," though I remember him as an excellent pantomime "dame." The maxim that the only way to play farce is to play it dead seriously is not wholly true. Yet there is sufficient truth in it to preclude unnecessary restlessness; and although references to Mr. Cecil Beaton and to Miss Florence Desmond's cabaret performances were blameless as "gags" and won their laughs, I still think

GERTRUDE MICHAEL has a delightful light comedy role in her first British film, *Sweet Racket*, in which she plays the part of an enterprising young pearl buyer. Paul Stein directs

BELLE OF NEW YORK: Pat Paterson, whose striking good looks, elegant figure, and first-rate singing voice combine to make her such an attraction in *52nd Street*, a Hollywood musical

"DEAD END": This is the one and only set in Samuel Goldwyn's aptly named film which has as its theme the life of a group of slum children near the East River in that section of New York where the fashionable apartments of the 'sixties meet the squalid tenements of the waterfront. Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea are the stars

that Mr. Byng would be well advised for the moment to forget all about such matters. Still, he is a grand comedian, and for that let whatever gods there be be praised.

Extraordinarily brilliant was Mr. Dennis Wyndham as that pathetic sight—a terror of the Chicago underworld as a sick man and in a funk. Mr. Wyndham turned a dullish first act into a thing of joy. Miss Winifred Shotter was neat and natty, and Miss Sara Allgood was well and truly wasted.

"The Dybbuk."—I have a confession to make of which I am not ashamed. If it be a professional limitation I am at least honest about it. It is that I have never been able to make much of a play in a language wholly unknown to me, and that my qualifications for criticising those who appear in it are almost nil. Even a knowledge of the story, whether already familiar or supplied in the programme, helps me but little. Some years ago I went to a theatre in Athens and saw an apparently farcical comedy the title of which some memories of classical Greek enabled me to translate as *The Sister of the Mother of Karolus*. But not until those incomprehensible antics were half over did I realise that I was watching a version in modern Greek of the immortal *Charley's Aunt*.

Meagre though my acquaintance of Greek may be to-day, with Yiddish I am not, nor have I ever been, even on bowing terms. What, then, can be said of *The Dybbuk*, produced last week at the Savoy Theatre by the Habima Players, a Jewish troupe of considerable eminence, whose origin is Moscow but whose present home is Palestine? It is a well-known drama of its school, and has, I believe, been played in London in English. It tells in what I am certain is a grimly artistic fashion of a young girl, Leah, whose lover had died before their marriage. She becomes betrothed to another, but the "dybbuk," or spirit, of the dead man takes possession of her and she dies.

That as a story is comprehensible, if macabre. What is surely not comprehensible is the suggestion that so far from those unfamiliar with Yiddish being baulked, their very ignorance of the language will help them to a better understanding of the play. That argument seems to savour more of *Alice in Wonderland* than the Habima Players, who, to do them justice, do not themselves put it forward. Yet put forward it is, not only by the general but by the very particular, among them an august colleague, who is of opinion, with regard to *The Dybbuk*, that ". . . the bar of language becomes not a bar but a release. It is even possible that, if the words were understood, the range of the play might seem to decrease." Curiouser and curiouser.

What can be said with truth is that an obviously perfect production, and a method of appealing to the eye by means of bizarre masks and scenery and to the ear with music which has a strange and deliberate unreal quality create an atmosphere which deeply impresses.

LUDMILLA PITOEFF MAKES HER SCREEN DEBUT, playing the part of a nun in *La Danseuse Rouge*, the French picture based on the novel by Charles Henri Hirsch. This great Russian actress, who up to now has remained steadfast to the stage, is at her best in portraying emotional conflict by unspectacular means, and few who saw her in London in 1930 will forget her wonderful interpretation of the title role in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*

CAPTAIN COLLYER EXPOSES THE "SAINTLY VICAR," REVEALING HE IS THE PIRATE LEADER: Roy Emerton and George Arliss in a dramatic incident from *Dr. Syn*, the thrilling Gaumont-British film based on Russell Thorndike's well-known adventure story. It had its premiere some days ago at the New Gallery

TRIALS OF A BANKER: Atterbury Dodd (Leslie Howard), the New Yorker who has been sent to solve the financial problems of the Colossal Screen Company, finds that life in the film colony is no bed of roses. A scene from *Stand In*, the new picture based on a *Saturday Evening Post* story by Clarence Buddington Kelland

PUTTING HIM WISE: Lester Plum (Joan Blondell), a mere stand-in in the Colossal studios, explains to innocent, unsuspecting Atterbury Dodd (Leslie Howard) the machinations of the other executives who are determined to oust him. Another scene from *Stand In*, which is due to open at the Tivoli Cinema on November 29

HOME AND HOLLYWOOD MADE

Two New Films With Good Themes

WHERE MARCEL PAGNOL WORKS: This church, standing on a rocky spur some 20 kilometres from Marseilles, was built by the French director for one of his recent films and he and his company now spend much time in the neighbourhood, working methodically and unspectacularly. Pagnol will have nothing to do with Hollywood and dislikes the Californian film colony's artificial indoor settings

MARCEL PAGNOL'S WAY

A French Playwright Who Is Putting into Practice His Own Very Definite Ideas on Film Production

IT is a brave man who will risk his finance in completely reversing both the policy and method of production of the big American film companies. Either he is a partial success and is bought up before he is through by an American company, or he retires defeated to try another medium of artistic expression.

Marcel Pagnol, one of France's foremost playwrights is making the attempt and sees in the bright sunlight and rolling country, the ideal setting for France's Hollywood.

A few years ago he was a schoolmaster in Paris, with a play tucked away in his drawer which he wrote in his early teens. He made a thousand dollars out of that play, *Marius*, in America, and then wrote another. Out of that, *Topaz*, he made a million francs, and has been writing successfully ever since. It was translated into almost every known language, and in addition to being dramatised was filmed by an American film company.

But when he saw the film they made out of his beloved *Topaz* he resolved never to let Americans touch his work again. He felt he had a new idea for film production. He would keep his cameras out in the open air and "shoot" only natural settings. He would shun studios with their costly rentals and "shoot" his scenes in cafes, churches, streets and villages he knew.

THE PROVENÇAL SCENE: Another view of the "ruined" village built by Marcel Pagnol as a setting for his film which had as its theme the peasantry's wholesale desertion of the countryside

He thinks all the Hollywood sets are obviously artificial, and as he said to me only a few weeks ago in the little cafe in the Canebière, where he often eats, he wants to put France on the map as it is, and not the product of studio sets. The real France he thinks is the provincial city and village life and it is to this he goes for his material.

About twenty kilometres from Marseilles where the land rises into rocky hills against a bright sunlight, you may chance on a church, perched on the summit of a high ridge. Round this ruined church a deserted village straggles.

That village is the beginning of Marcel Pagnol's Hollywood. Here among the hills where his brother once wandered as a goat-herd, his film unit work, sleep, and eat together. And Pagnol, though he is a millionaire, lives there too.

Previously there was nothing there but the barren, rocky hills of Provence. Now it is a village, Marseillan, which Pagnol built for a story which illustrates the flight from country to town life. It is not a studio set, and if you happened upon it to-day you would feel you were walking in the past.

Ninety per cent of this film will be open air shots and the village round which the story is built will remain there as the foundation for the Hollywood, which he hopes will grow round it. Altogether he has purchased a large extent of land in this neighbourhood.

The road leading up to his village took him three months to build and the film he has woven round the village has taken him a year to make.

Of course, he will use the village again; for it is a typical village of Provence; but he will build other villages on his land, too; those of Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France. For he knows what they have not in Northern France, what he has down in the south, the atmosphere that makes for good photography.

Altogether he makes only three films a year. So far they have only been successes in France; for they are essentially French in theme — sometimes too essentially French for a British or American censor. Nevertheless he keeps his unit, which is small, occupied the whole year round.

Jerome Willis

On left—MEDIEVALISM RE-CREATED: Looking through an archway in Marcel Pagnol's Provençal film village where he lives and works with his company

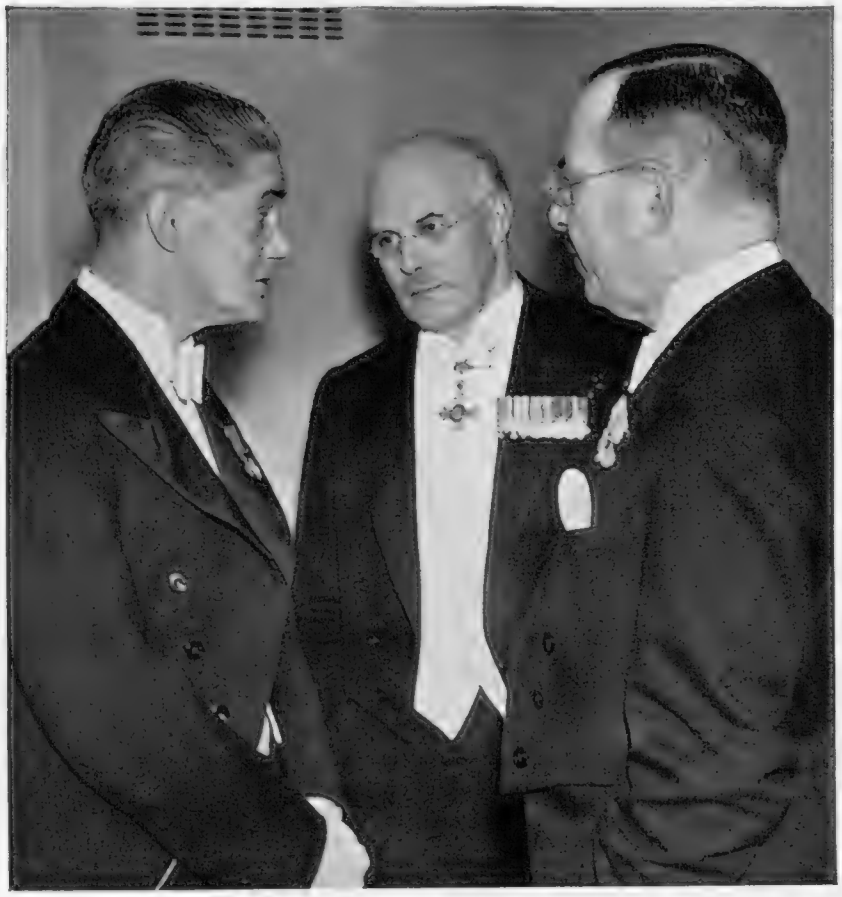
What Other People Are Doing

From a portrait by James Gunn

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY was the Chairman of the Committee organising the Royal performance of the ice revue, *Marina*, which took place at Earls Court, on November 24. The proceeds are all going to the "Subsistence Production Society for Older Unemployed Men"

LADY EBURY, who is seen here with her son Francis, is deputy-chairman of the committee that is working so hard to ensure the success of the Coliseum Midnight Matinee which is to be held on December 9 in aid of London Fever Hospital. Excerpts from the St. Moritz ice show will be given

PLAYTIME AT THE COPPINS: The Duchess of Kent with her two children, Prince Edward, who was born on October 9, 1935, and Princess Alexandra, who will be exactly a year old on Christmas Day. The youngsters spend much of their time at their Buckinghamshire home, naturally benefiting from life in the country



"LEST WE FORGET" THE POET OF EMPIRE: Lord Nuffield (left) talking with Lord Bearsted (right) and another guest at the inaugural banquet of the Kipling Memorial Fund at Grosvenor House at which subscriptions totalling over £10,000 were received to help towards providing bursaries for fifty "Kipling Scholars" at the Imperial Service College. The chief speaker was Mr. Winston Churchill

HONOURED BY THE HOLY FATHER: Dr. Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, who will be created a Cardinal at the Consistory to be held by the Pope on December 13, and will thus become the first British holder of this dignity since the death of Cardinal Bourne in 1935. The Apostolic Nuncio to Yugoslavia and the Archbishop of Lyons are to be honoured at the same time

HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Conductor Geoffrey Toye and his wife about to board the *Queen Mary* boat train at Waterloo en route to California where he is to discuss the technicalities of bringing to the screen a successful colour version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard*

CROWN PRINCESS FREDERICK GOES HOME: Her Royal Highness, whose maiden title of Princess Ingrid is perhaps more familiar to us, waving goodbye as she left Liverpool Street last week for Copenhagen

RECOGNITION: Mr. Charles Wheeler beside the plaster cast of the head of his figure of Ariel which is to adorn the exterior of the Bank of England and which has been voted by the Royal Society of British Sculptors as the "best work of the year", thus winning Mr. Wheeler the Society's medal

CHRISTMAS

If a Gift is Appropriate its Value is of little Moment. Here are some Suggestions for your List

Every woman has a secret hankering for really well cut gloves. Those that are being worn are of soft capeskin, lined with silk. You can get them for 27s. 9d. in a lovely Red Earth shade in Regent tan, in nigger, and in black. The short gloves are of heavy suede, lined with silk, and the price is 12s. 11d. The third pair, of fine French suede in brown, navy, black, and stocking colours, cost 16s. 9d. From Debenham and Freebody

On the far left—one of the new gift cases which hold a Visofil Swan Pen and a Fyne Poynt Pencil, the latter being an automatic feed model. The price of this set is 35s. 6d. while the pen alone, in a neat case, costs 25s. Made in black, grey, green and ruby, the coloured models are figured with irridescent veinings

Next, a small but exquisite present for anybody who can appreciate a really fine tea. It has a particular appeal for invalids and dyspeptics because it is harmless even to the most delicate digestion. It is packed in decorative canisters and costs 2s. 10d., 3s. 4d., and 4s. per lb., with a superior quality at 4s. 6d. a lb.

Children and grown ups, too, love Mackintosh's delicious sweets, made even nicer by the seasonable boxes, caskets, and novelties in which they are packed. Quality Street toffees and chocolates are put up in several packings, including a Presentation Tin which holds 2 lb. and costs 4s. The Christmas Carnival assortment also costs 4s. for 2 lb., and the papier-maché rabbit would delight any small child

GREETINGS

For the men of the family—a specially decorated case containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles of "Black & White" or "Buchanan's Liqueur," two world-famous whiskies that are always sure of a welcome. Think of all the trouble they will save you too!

Thoughts of parties conjure up visions of tins of Peek Frean's biscuits. Look at the Kingfisher Tin, which contains assorted chocolate biscuits, and costs 2s. 6d. And at the Sir Francis Drake tin, full of fancy biscuits, at 1s. 6d. They are delicious and infinitely varied

"De Reszke" cigarettes are always a safe bet. The "De Reszke" Cork, with pure wool filter tip, cost 2s. 6d. for 50, the Minors, 2s. for 60, and "De Reszke" Turks, 2s. 6d. for 50, all with decorated card outers

At the foot of the page a musical cigarette box made from plane tree wood grown in London. Price 21s. 6d. Combined Smokers Table and Fire Screen, in walnut, price 59s. 6d. And a real horn penguin at 15s. or 17s. 6d. From Waring and Gillow

Something that is absolutely up to the moment. The girl at the foot of this page is wearing a necklet of heavy gold-coloured metal links, with a matching bracelet. The necklet costs 35s., the bracelet 21s., the gold metal earrings 7s. 6d. At Harrods

A set of studs, buttons, and links in Mother-o'-Pearl, set with sapphires and bordered with white gold. The price of the suite is £12. The gold pencil costs £5 15s. The gold wrist watch is £7 15s. The bank-note holder is £1 15s., and the gold chain costs £3 15s. From Mappin and Webb of London

TSAR NICHOLAS AND HIS CIRCLE :

The Intimate Correspondence of Russia's Last Imperial Ruler Provides a Wonderful Footnote to History : Harold Nicolson's Ingenious Mixture of History, Biography, and Autobiography

IN a preface to THE LETTERS OF TSAR NICHOLAS AND EMPRESS MARIE (Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart reminds us that "it is a sign of the distance Russia has travelled during the last decade that these letters have now been released for publication." Under the Russia of the Tsars their publication would certainly have been impossible, and it is improbable that these letters, intended for no other eyes but those of the recipients, would have been released by any form of government other than that of the U.S.S.R.

Very early in his life Nicholas II formed the habit of writing to his mother and preserving her replies with the same thoroughness as the Empress Marie collected his. Maria Feodorovna was a sister of Queen Alexandra, so that it is natural that there should be plenty of references in the correspondence to family and State visits to England; to "Granny" (Queen Victoria); to "Uncle Bertie and Aunt Alix"; to "Georgie" and "May" (George V and Queen Mary). How close was the family affection between them all is revealed in more than one passage, even though Nicholas, in middle life, and particularly during the Boer war reveals himself as anything but friendly towards the English.

When a vestige of democratic government was wrested from the last of Russia's absolute autocrats, following the 1905 revolution, and the Russian Duma was convened, how petulant he can be about the famous "liberty" of the English. "How angry they would be if a deputation went from us to the Irish to wish them success in their struggle against their Government." Yet at the same time he can write affectionately of his English relatives to his mother staying at Sandringham. In this connection it is interesting to note that Nicholas' remarkable resemblance to King George V once very nearly deceived the Dowager Empress.

The correspondence reveals that the bond between mother and son was very strong, and the influence of the Dowager Empress considerable for the whole of his life up to his marriage and for some time afterwards. But, as Nicholas became more and more confirmed in the use of his autocratic powers, we see a gradual slackening of his reliance upon "dearest darling mama." Then there were other influences at work upon this weak-willed tyrant, though it is significant that the Tsarina is scarcely ever mentioned, and that the name of Rasputin never once occurs.

People may read into this collection of intimate revelations whatever, politically, they will. The important things are the characters of Nicholas, his mother, and his family. However weak-willed, he displayed a tenacious obstinacy in the face of reforms that might have saved his dynasty. By some standards he might have been called a "good" man, but he showed a remarkable callousness when faced with bloodshed, death, and the terrorism which wiped out friends and foes alike. These letters are indubitably "unusually rich in human interest", but their importance lies in the indisputable fact that they are of the very stuff of history.

A man of fifty, writing memoirs to-day, has everything in his favour. Not only has he lived through reigns, wars, revolutions, and social changes on an unprecedented scale but, with a mind attuned to the current world unrest and restlessness, he can remember that he was cradled in a period of unruffled security and prosperity, a decade of leisurely transport; of power, privilege, and their attendant panoplies. He can write a sentence like this: "The post-war generation—who are apt to believe that the traditions of their grandfathers remained intact until that Tuesday night of August 4, 1914—are unaware that the self-confidence of the nineteenth century crumbled within its last three weeks."

Mr. Harold Nicolson opens the first volume of his reminiscences with the patting of his five-year-old head at the British Embassy in Paris by his uncle, the famous Lord Dufferin, the one who added a Marquessate to the family titles and Ava to his name. Those were the days in which "the people of England were convinced, not only that our might was irresistible, not only that we were beloved by all mankind, but that the savour of our righteousness was sweet and pleasant to God Himself."

I am quoting from the chapter in which Mr. Nicolson points out that it was in the year 1899 that Victorian self-confidence first received a shaking. The Boer War in fact; "within the space of a single week we realised that we were anything but invincible and that the nations of Europe regarded us, not with love, but with jealousy and hatred." The child of twelve was father to the man who can now sum up the importance of what crumbled in those few weeks.

As a memoir writer Mr. Nicolson has several important *aides*. His formative years were under the influence of men who were making history as well as living it; pro-consuls and diplomats, representing the might of Her Britannic Majesty, administering her great possessions, in some cases adding to them. His father a diplomat; his uncle one of the most famous of Viceroys.

Thus he was able to make the first of his volumes in search of the past a biography, in the personal vein, of his distinguished uncle. HELEN'S TOWER (Constable. 15s.) is in fact a study of the character, life, and times of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the list of whose titles and honours takes up ten lines of a full page, and within whom "there was a vein of eccentricity, a curious vein of ostentation, a hidden streak of femininity, which made him appear at moments as some exotic pheasant who had by chance mingled with the browns and russets of East Anglia." There is a subtlety about this portrait, in which the writer mingles the awe with which this man was regarded by his family as well as his contemporaries, with a shrewd historical survey of the period, together with some deft sketches of himself when young.

Indeed it is an ingenious mixture of biography, history, and autobiography, pointed with wit, eschewing sentiment (the account of Lord Dufferin's part in the Whitaker Wright debacle is a masterpiece of objective description) and delightfully unaffected.

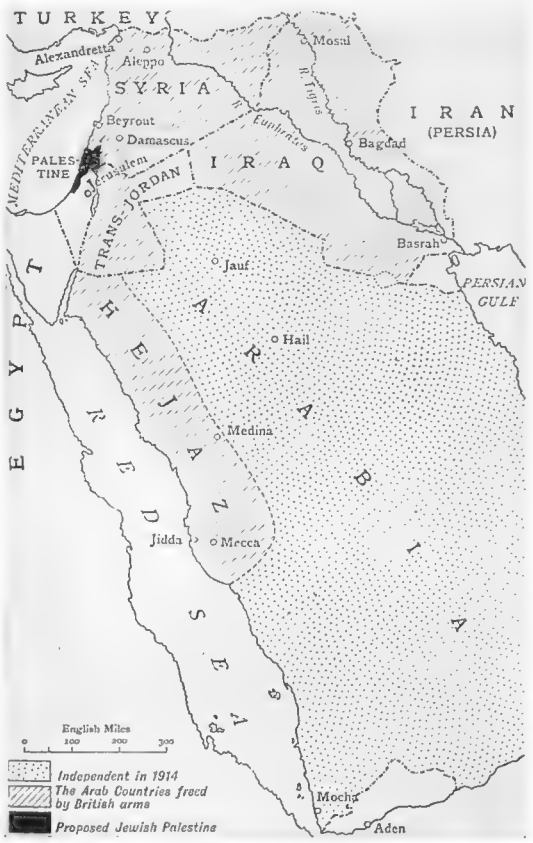
By

VERNON FANE

Two hundred years ago there lived a young man with neat auburn hair, a slight body, and an absolute disregard for comfort, his own, or that of any other living person. His travels, which covered thousands of miles, were, with one important exception, in England.

He inspired his own family, some of them to the verge of madness, to follow his example of restless self-denial and heart-searching, and provoked such a religious upheaval as the world had not seen since the Reformation. His name was John Wesley.

In WRESTLING JACOB (Heinemann. 15s.) Miss Marjorie Bowen has written a biography of this strange little man that will upset a great many preconceived ideas about revivalists, and may well be studied by some of the latter-day ones. Although Miss Bowen says in her foreword that it "must be left in open debate whether he wrought harmfully or beneficially in fastening the clamps of a terrible superstition on the minds of ignorant and impressionable people, whether his emphasis on self-denial, on austerity, on gloom, on an absorption in the idea of a vengeful God, was to the good or not of the national character", she makes it quite clear as early as her first chapter exactly where her own conclusions lie.



LIGHT ON A VEXED QUESTION: This highly informative and revealing sketch map is published in Herbert Sidebotham's new book *Great Britain and Palestine* (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) and shows the immense extent of the Arab territory freed by British arms during the great war as compared with the very small area which it is now proposed should become exclusively Jewish territory. The author, who is well known to readers as "Scrutator" of the *Sunday Times*, knows his subject and the trenchant arguments he advances for and against partition should be followed with close attention

Wesley might be able, and he was generally more than willing, to decide other people's conduct for them, but in his own relations with his friends and with the one or two women who loved him he chose to shilly-shally and prevaricate to the point of insincerity. In Georgia, where he went full of zeal to convert the Red Indians and was not even allowed to speak to them for fear of starting trouble, a pretty girl, Sophie Hopkey, fell in love with him and he with her. The match was generally approved, and there was in fact no reason why they should not have married. Acting on an inner prompting, and with the help of drawing lots from a china bowl, he jilted the girl, who had by that time reached a state of hysteria, and sailed for England. This is Miss Bowen's account of a well-authenticated episode in his life and it is a good example of her opinion of at least one facet of that strange character.

There can be no doubt about the success that Wesley had with his Methodist Movement. When he died, 135,000 out of a population of 6,000,000 were his devoted followers; an extraordinary achievement for one man to consolidate in his lifetime. His brother Charles Wesley, and the preacher Whitefield, who was noted for his ability to reduce any congregation to hysteria in record time, were his co-workers, but it was John Wesley who was the burning spirit and the implacable mentor of the organisation.

His gifts were astounding. In spite of a life of constant privation, little sleep, little food, and no leisure he lived to the age of eighty-eight, and retained the clear brilliance of his mind to the end. His energy, like his autocracy, was indomitable. His sincerity was absolute, for he believed himself every word he preached to others. Humour, tolerance, kindliness, and the small humanities had no place in his character.

He is in fact a fine subject for a first-rate biography. Again and again I have pointed out that Miss Marjorie Bowen has a positive genius for re-creating and re-vitalising the great figures of the past, and paradoxically enough that genius is sometimes hidden under the bushel of her popularity. She is a master of the vivid phrase, the living scene; she can write most of the household gods of Bloomsbury off the map: if she had just graduated from Cambridge her fame would be shouted from the housetops of Gower Street. What a man was John Wesley; what a book this is!

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson has every excuse for calling his autobiography PAINT AND PREJUDICE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) for though he has built a considerable reputation with the former he has more than once risked wrecking it with the latter. I suppose few, if indeed any artists worthy of the name have been allowed to do their work unscathed by the attacks of their contemporaries. It seems inevitable that an artist, if he is any good, should upset somebody. If it is not that kind of "public opinion" which demonstrates its distaste with tar-brush and other moronic forms of execration, it is the conventional "school" of the day; failing these there are always the long-haired revolutionaries eager to have a go.

Artists vary according to temperament in the face of the storms that their art creates. Some starve, leaving a rich harvest to be reaped in future sale-rooms; others live on persistently but are driven to inaccessible places away from "civilised" man; some positively thrive on attack and their prices rise with each successive onslaught; others cash in on the easier road of general popularity. Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson fits none of these generalisations. He has startled the world in his time, yet has avoided the extravagances of most of the advanced -isms. He has been severely criticised, but always seems to have handed back to the critic more than he got. He is probably the only living artist who has ever asked that one of his pictures should be removed from the Tate.

Nevinson is nothing if not a good quarreller and a good fighter. According to him there was always a Tonks movement to shift his work from what he calls the "Tête-à-Tête", but the "Sladish corridor" was not allowed to get away with the honours of that battle. Verbal jousts with Percy Wyndham Lewis abound in his pages, nor is he afraid to break a lance with George Bernard Shaw who "annoyed me by writing a stupid attack on artists." Nevinson replied to him in the *Daily Mail*. "The gist of my article was that no wonder Shaw was a Socialist because he was suggesting that we should sell pictures below the cost of production . . . I found myself the recipient of hundreds of letters, not only from every kind of artist, including R.As. but from literary men, politicians, and people who were wearied with the babbling which Shaw was inflicting on us."

Perhaps the best summing-up of Nevinson's triumphs and his battles, and indeed the keynote of the whole book, is in the following passage. "My prices have always been humble, but it has

(Continued on page 392)

SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

November 20th, 1837.

509 to 20 - The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult & excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, & broiled bones, & got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life - I can say nothing about the state

Reproduced from the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. (Dated November 21st, 1837)

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

Guinness and Oysters are good for you

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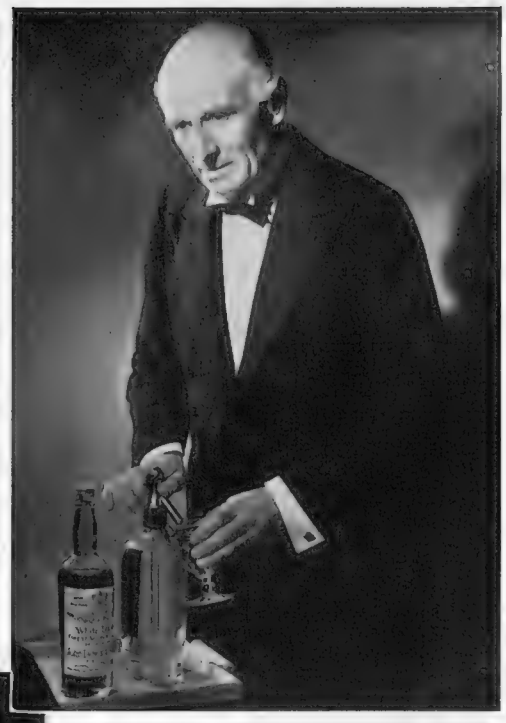
Wherever you find good drink, you will find Schweppes. Their Soda Water enlivens the best of spirits, and their Tonic Water, their Ginger Ale, their Sparkling Grape Fruit, Lemonade, and their Old-Fashion British Wines are general favourites. Be sure to lay in a good stock before Christmas arrives

If you want to send a no-trouble present that will be most thankfully received, choose Dewar's White Label whisky. It is put up in very festive-looking wood cases, suitably decorated, and they hold two, three, six, or, better still, twelve bottles. All these sizes may be obtained from any licensed dealer



Making a success of a party is easy if you lay in a good supply of Martini, and then carefully study the cocktail recipes in Gracie Field's small book on The Art of Entertaining. She stresses the importance of "Dry" Martini Vermouth even while she points out that nobody should forget its partner—"Sweet" Martini Vermouth. The book is full of sound advice for the amateur who envies the knacks and niceties of the expert

With a cocktail cabinet lording it over the other furniture in almost every contemporary living-room, the popularity of Booth's Finest Old Dry Gin grows month by month. Nor is this surprising, for it is specially selected and matured, and it appeals strongly to all those who like to drink without subsequent regrets. It makes an ideal Christmas present, for it is packed in honour of the occasion in festive cases of different sizes

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SPORTS SALOON . . £485

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- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
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- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

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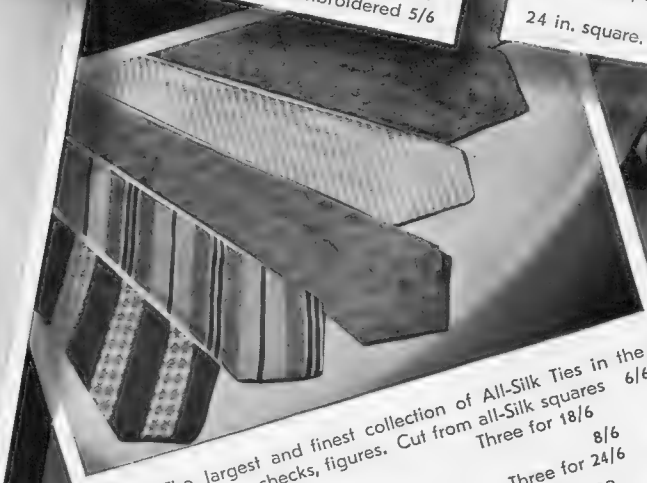
HOGSKIN GLOVES in Natural colour, with detachable linings of soft seamless Cashmere. An adaptable glove of smart appearance. Hand-sewn in pull-on style. Sizes 7 to 9½ 30/-

HOUSE JACKET, of finely woven Rayon Brocade. Rich Pine design with plain facings to tone. Lined throughout, perfectly tailored. In shades of Wine, Navy or Green. Nothing more useful or suitable for wear at home 4 Gns.



TIES. The largest and finest collection of All-Silk Ties in the country. Stripes, checks, figures. Cut from all-Silk squares 6/6
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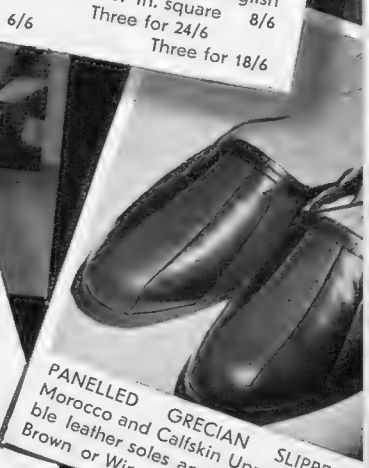

PANELLED GRECIAN SLIPPERS, Morocco and Calfskin Uppers. Flexible leather soles and heels. Two-tone Brown or Wine, Red/Blue. 6—12 15/9

GOLF SHIRTS, in Crêpe Wool, with attached collar and expanding-pleat shoulders. Free and comfortable. Attractive stripes, checks and plain colours. Blues, Greys, Browns, Greens 16/6
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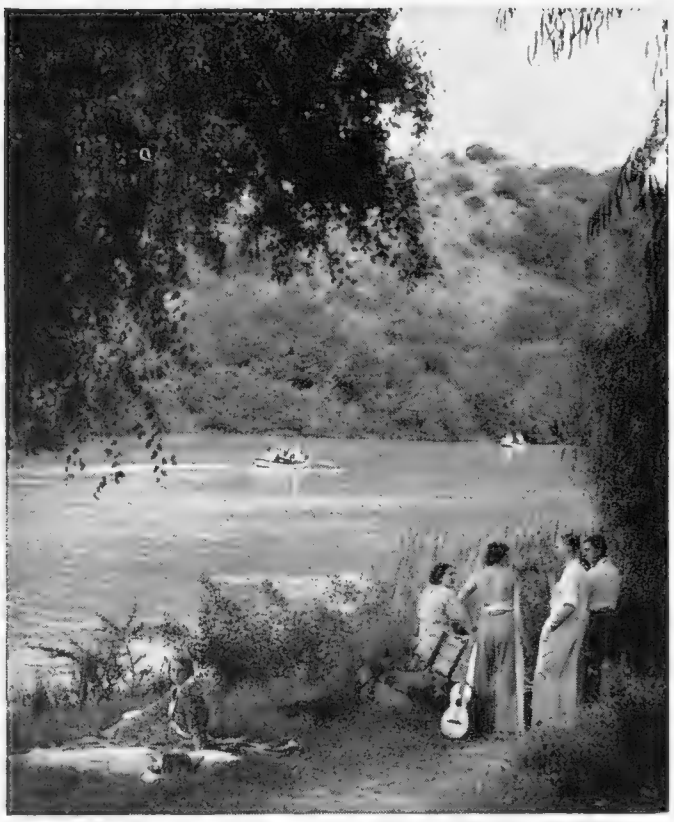

Scene at an inland resort. The Modder River near Bloemfontein

Where Winter's ICY GRIP *is forgotten*

NO linguistic difficulties hamper your enjoyment. No culinary deviations enforce dietary re-adjustment. An abundance of luscious fruits, a myriad of lovely flowers set in a blaze of scenic grandeur. A holiday in South Africa need not occupy more than eight to ten weeks, and it can be planned at a cost to suit your pocket. Consult the Travel Bureau in South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

If you want an impressive gift for a man send him a case containing Bolskummel and a selection of other Bols liqueurs, such as Cherry, Apricot, and Creme de Menthe. You might even prove your erudition by telling him that, in its essentials, Bolskummel is the same as was enjoyed by the Greeks 2,000 years ago. And if you, sir, want a delicious and original gift for a woman, send her a box of Bols liqueur chocolates. She will receive it rapturously

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All who know a good liqueur appreciate the excellence of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. For more than a century it has been a general favourite, and its popularity increases year by year. Particulars of Grant's Gift Hampers can be obtained from wine merchants or from Thomas Grant and Sons, Ltd., Maidstone, Kent

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A fine old Highland Whisky for the connoisseur—Grant's "Stand Fast." You can get special Gift Cases containing one, two, three, or six bottles, but if you should experience any difficulty write to Grant's, Dufftown, Scotland, and they will arrange for supplies through your usual Wine Merchant. You can be quite certain that it will be received enthusiastically and that your judgment will be applauded

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EGYPT

'What marvellous sunshine!'

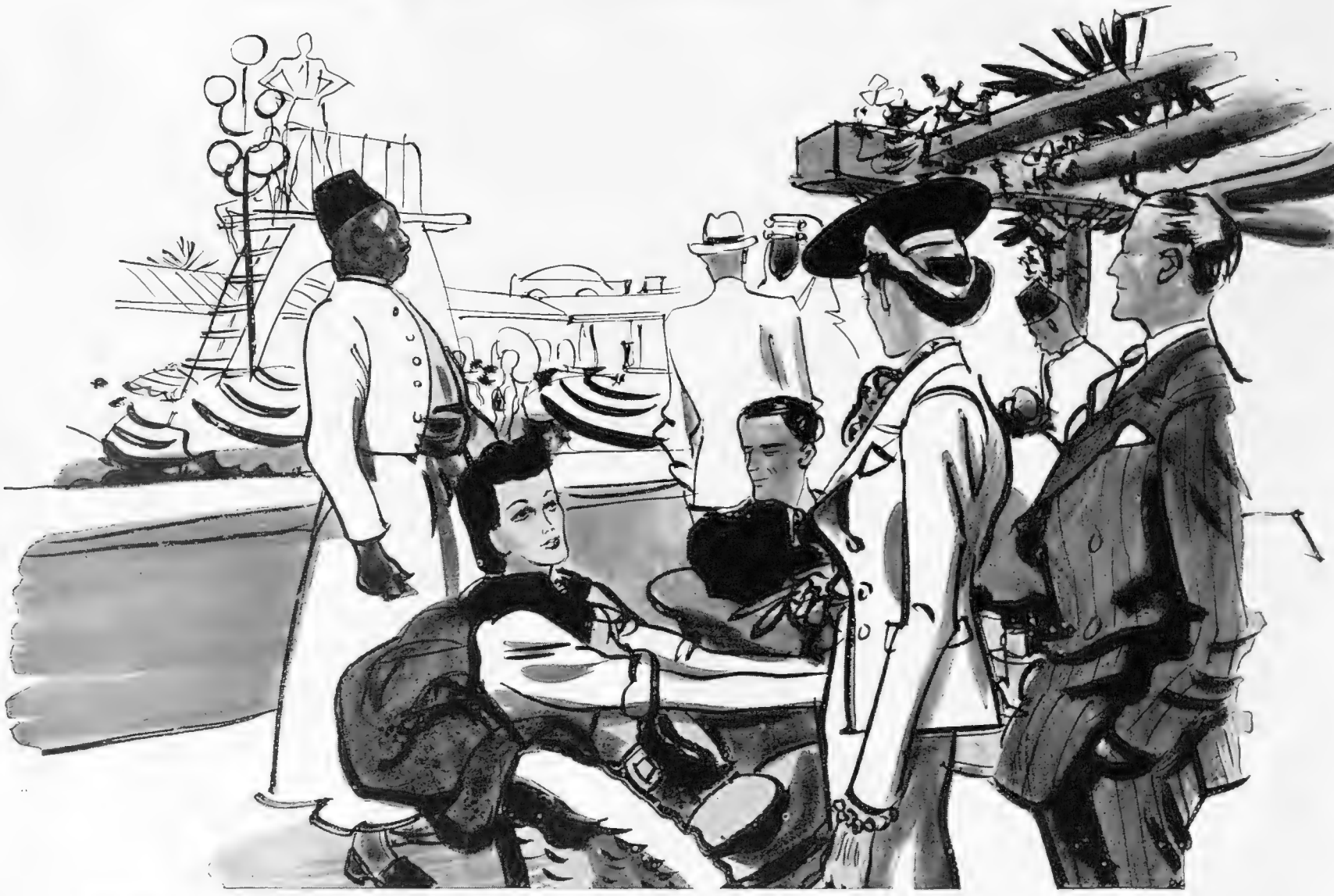
'Seen Luxor yet?'

'We're going up the Nile tomorrow'

'You'll find those Nile steamers as comfortable as a big liner'

'Then Alexandria on the way home'

'Home? What a dreadful thought! I hear they had a pea-soup fog last week. Hi Boy! Bring four gin-slings . . . Ighri!'



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* Hotels in Egypt are luxurious yet not expensive.

* Dancing every night, and hotels such as the Semiramis, Shepheard's or Mena House, have one special gala night a week. Egypt is very gay in the season (October to April).

* There are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria. Excellent tennis also. Swimming-pools at Mena House and Heliopolis. Polo and riding in Cairo.

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How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers go to Port Said. Fares to suit your purse. You leave from several different English ports.

2. BY AIR . . . From London to Alexandria. 2½ days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. 4½ days.

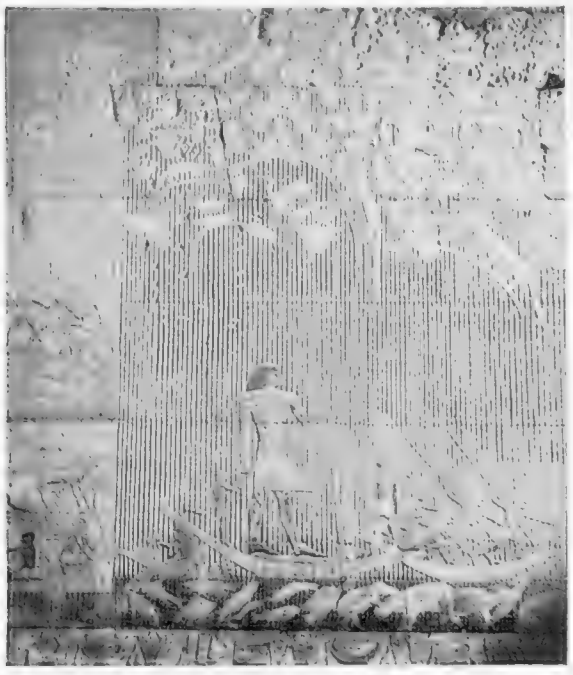
4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istanbul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 6½ days.

THE EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU . . . 29 Regent Street, London S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full information

HISTORY *in* STONE

Egypt as the Traveller's Goal in Winter when Climatic Conditions are at Their Happiest

IF your first glimpse of Egypt is at Alexandria you may justly lament that the town is among the less impressive of the sights of Egypt. For the town was, in the main, laid out in the last century by the Albanian adventurer who made himself Khedive, Mehemet Ali, and largely rebuilt after the bombardment in 1882 during the rebellion against the oppression of his grandson. Gone is the Pharos and nothing remains of the wonderful library by the burning of which posterity has been deprived of many of the treasures of antiquity. But if you have never been in the East before you will enjoy yourself and there are interesting excursions into the coast lands of the Libyan desert (which was once a granary of Rome) and you will gain your first experience of tonic Egyptian sunlight.



SAILING IN THE MARSHES is the subject of this mural on the Mastaba of Ti, a high Court official of the beginning of the 5th Dynasty. It is at Sakkara, where many of Egypt's most remarkable tombs are situated

Perhaps, though, you will arrive at Port Said. Named after the Khedive, who granted the concession which enabled De Lesseps (whose statue is the first thing that you will see on arrival) to build the Suez Canal, the town is modern. The lake of Menzaleh nearby, which was formed when the canal was built, is at certain times of year a wonderful rendezvous of birds on their way to and from Europe and hither Asia. Both Alexandria and Port Said have splendid facilities for bathing all the year round and are becoming very popular for that reason. From Alexandria you will travel through the cotton fields of the Delta to Cairo.

It is possible to spend months in Cairo without exhausting its wealth of interest. While bearing in mind the very many opportunities of amusement which are offered, from first-class opera to polo and racing, it is primarily the sights of which you will wish to make the round. Of these the Citadel is enormously imposing.

It is from here that you will get your first real impression of the majesty of the Nile, the river which of all streams has had the greatest influence in the making of history; from here that you may see the pyramids and the spreading green plain towards the Delta. Nearer at hand the domes and minarets of the city make a wonderful picture. While you admire the marvels of the great fort itself you will remember that this infant among Egyptian antiquities was yet largely built by Saladin, was the seat of the ruler who defeated St. Louis, and centuries later received Napoleon and his troop of French savants. Of the many scenes the Citadel has witnessed perhaps the most terrible was the massacre by Mehemet Ali of the Mamelukes who had so long oppressed Egypt. One only of the hundreds who attended that fatal audience escaped.

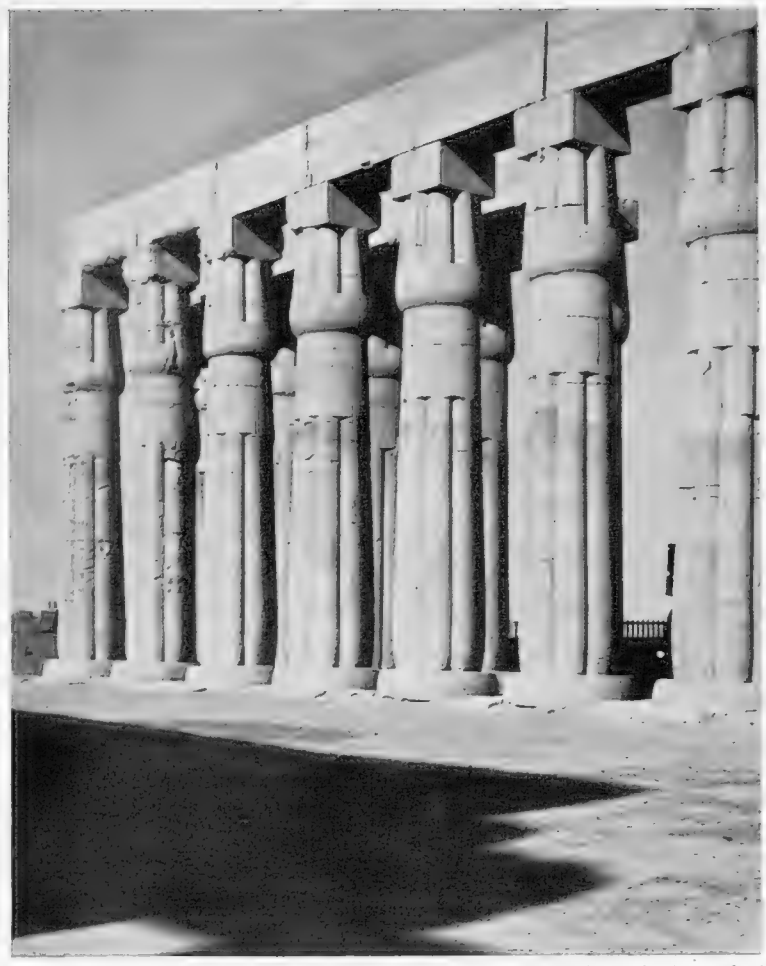
After the Citadel the pyramids. I will not add to the ocean of ink which has been poured out over the last survivors of the seven wonders of the world. But I would give one word of advice: do not go to see them for the first time by day. Wait until nightfall and visit them under a full moon. Then you will receive the whole impact of their majesty when they and the desert are pink in the moonlight and the scarred face of the Sphinx wears an expression that it has not by day.

I have never been a great museum-goer; but even those most apt to a feeling of exhaustion which spreads rapidly from the calves to the small of the back must gird themselves for an attack on the museum of Cairo. I need not remind you of the treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb or of the thousand objects which have been collected since Mariette first initiated these collections of treasures. In addition to my inefficiency as a museum-goer I have a strong aversion from mummies. In Cairo you may see the bodies of some of the Pharaohs whose commanding presence in death is greatly moving.

One is apt to forget that Egypt was one of the first strongholds of Christianity, and many ancient monasteries survive as relics of the early ascetics who found solitude in the desert. Of these early Christian buildings the church of Abu Sergeh is within the Roman fortress in the Old Town, and that of Abu Seyfen outside has a lovely pulpit and a fine screen of wood and ivory. Of mosques Cairo has a magnificent collection and it is here that Islam, now that the Ghazi has forbidden the fez in Turkey, is to be seen at its most picturesque. The oldest of the mosques is El Azhar, the university, which is frequented by students from all over the Muhammadan world. El Hakem by the walls is the next in date and everyone should climb the minaret to see some of the finest Fatimite decoration in existence on the circular tower within. The masonry of this mosque is most impressive though a great deal of damage was done to the original fabric by an earthquake in 1303.

Nearby are the Bab el Futuh and Bab el Nasr between which runs a long stretch of wall honeycombed with galleries and with guard-rooms at intervals. You will notice that large blocks of Egyptian sculpture have been built into these walls. I have mentioned only a few of Cairo's mosques for reasons of space; but the enthusiast will find ample opportunities of climbing minarets round which the kites scream in the sunshine.

In spite of its smart hotels, boulevards, and theatres Cairo still has its Old Town with its bazaars and many fascinating corners to be explored, curious little shops where they sell strange scents, scarves and spices, and precious stones in trays. Of the typical old Cairène houses, that called Gamal el Din in the Hosh Kadam is the easiest to visit. It has been restored by the Comité de Conservation de Monuments Arabes and you will admire the *Ka'ah* or reception hall which is beautifully decorated with mosaic and marble panels.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR with its magnificent colonnade, beautified by time's patina, that epitomises the glory of early Egyptian building

While looking forward with enjoyment to the exploration of Cairo you will not forget the social side. In and outside the capital are some of the most up-to-date hotels in the world; amusements are highly organised and the winter programme is such as may well satisfy the most exacting cosmopolitan.

Of the many expeditions to be made from Cairo that to Sakkara is one of the most enjoyable. The pleasantest way is to drive by way of the ruins of the temple of Ptah, where there are two colossal statues and a sphinx of Rameses II. Sakkara with its temples, step-pyramid, and huge tombs is very impressive, and the astonishing mixture of styles reminds one that various of these monuments were built at distances of time one from the other such as separate us from, say, the Conquest or Nero.

After Cairo the next great rallying point of visitors to Egypt is Luxor. You may go by train, but the steamer is infinitely preferable if you have time. On the way you will have an opportunity of seeing something of the village life by the river side which has changed little since the days of the Pharaohs especially in the methods of irrigation and agriculture. The fellaheen, oppressed though they were for centuries, have always maintained their cheerful outlook on life and the villages are noisy places. On the way to Luxor you will pass the enormously important tombs at Beni Hassan whence, more than from any other relics, most of the history of the Middle Empire has been gleaned and here you will see every phase of life in old Egypt in pictures.

Another and very attractive place is Tell el Amara where there are more tombs and ruins, and nearby is the tomb of Aknaten the great reformer. Presently Assiut, a town now as in past ages of importance, is passed and not far off in the desert is Abydos which was the holiest place in Egypt as the burial ground of the early kings. Here there is a temple built by Seti I dedicated to Osiris and another of more ancient date whose huge granite blocks fill one with awe. Presently the pillars of Karnak and the high red cliffs of the Tombs of the Kings above the palms of Luxor come into view.

SURVIVORS OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN WONDERS: The Pyramids lose none of their superb majesty even when viewed from the sky. Nothing, it seems, can really dwarf them into insignificance even in this modern age

Of all the marvels of Egypt, Luxor in winter is the most wonderful place. It has a superb climate and it is only possible to outline the innumerable points of interest. One remains amazed at the survival of such a number after so many thousands of years. Of the temples everyone has heard of those of Luxor and Karnak with its avenue of sphinxes. Both are magnificent. But besides these there are the Tombs of the Kings and the Nobles to explore. Seti's and Tutankhamen's tombs are probably the most famous, though many people prefer the tombs of the nobles.

Hugonaut

TESTING 1938 EDITIONS : On the Road with a Hillman Fourteen and a Talbot Ten

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE recently tested a 1938 edition of two very popular and interesting cars. The first was the new Hillman Fourteen and the second a Talbot Ten. The Hillman Fourteen was a full five-seater saloon of very pleasing and imposing appearance. Its size gave the impression that it was in the 20-h.p. class; also its performance on the road was apt to make me imagine that I had a much larger engine than was actually the case. The power unit consists of a four-cylinder engine with side-by-side valves. It is smooth-running throughout its entire range of revolutions. This desirable feature is obtained by attention to many details, but, of course, a three-bearing crankshaft has quite a lot to do with the pleasant result.

The cubic capacity of the engine is under 2,000 cc. and I am informed that at 3,600 r.p.m. the b.h.p. is 51. The power is transmitted from the engine through a cable operated dry-plate clutch to an all synchromesh four-speed gear-box. The gear change is controlled by a lever placed centrally, and the necessary changes can be made with the utmost ease and with the greatest silence. Actually, I found on the road that although the engine is not quite 2 litres in capacity, it was seldom necessary to change down to third.

A very fine performance distinguishes this car. It appeared to travel along happily with the speedometer needle pointing to the 60 m.p.h. mark, and on more than one occasion when the road permitted it the needle indicated a speed in excess of 70 m.p.h. The well-known Evenkeel suspension in front probably contributes quite a lot to the pleasant way in which the car takes corners. Even on a wet road the car holds to its appointed path with a certainty that is quite gratifying. This suspension, of course, is of proved design and also assists materially in giving the occupants of the car a really comfortable ride.

No matter how good an engine may be it is to me always throttled unless the car in which it is fitted can boast of really effective brakes. I am glad to say that the Hillman has a really good braking system, easy to operate, certain and progressive of action. With brakes like these the driver can make full use of the power the engine gives him for at all speeds he is perfectly equipped to deal with any emergency. The steering, too, was without reproach and this naturally added considerably to the enjoyment of driving the car.

The equipment is described in the catalogue as being lavish. Well I am perfectly prepared to confirm that description, in fact I am at a loss to suggest how it could be made more complete. Everything that the driver and his passenger could possibly desire in a car are at hand. There are a hundred and one little points of refinement and excellence that I could enumerate, but I would then only be robbing the excellent catalogue which describes the car of its most important job.

A PICTURE IN THE PANEL: This delightful scene is actually reflected on the door panel of a Humber Snipe Saloon and provides convincing evidence of the efficiency of the new Thrupp and Maberly cellulose polish with which the bodywork of this car has been treated

We are accustomed to be reminded that our American friends give us outstanding value in cars but I have yet to see any vehicle, no matter from what country it emanates, that gives better value for money than this new Hillman Fourteen. Most people if asked to suggest at what price the car can be bought would undoubtedly give a figure somewhere near £400 but actually, as a Safety Saloon, the price is £248, and as a Saloon de Luxe £268.

The second car that I tried was the Talbot Ten Sports Tourer. This car is of a very different type from the Hillman, although they both can equally be described as doing the job for which they were designed, and in such a manner as to satisfy the most discriminating owner. The name Talbot conjures up in the minds of most people a car of refinement combined with a high degree of acceleration and speed. Few names have a better reputation in motor competitions where speed is a factor than that of Talbot.

As I have said so many times in these notes participation in speed events gives a manufacturer experience which he can obtain nowhere else. True, the results of racing and some of the experience gained therefrom eventually filter through to all and sundry, but the actual participant obtains the knowledge quicker and to a fuller degree than is the case with car makers who merely look on. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that this Talbot Ten, coming as it were from racing stock, shows distinct signs of thoroughbred breeding. I certainly would not call it a low-priced car but I would unhesitatingly say that for those who appreciate a piece of mechanism which performs its allotted task in a thoroughbred way, it is a proposition which gives great value for money.

The engine of this Talbot Ten has a cubic capacity of only just over 1 litre. It turns over at what appears to be a fairly high speed but it does so in a manner which is just as pleasant to listen to as is the case with a well-built dynamo. It has four cylinders, side-by-side valves and a three-bearing crankshaft. A single dry-plate clutch conveys the power to a centrally controlled four-speed gear-box which boasts of synchromesh on all four forward speeds

With intelligent use of the gear lever very creditable averages can be recorded and this is not difficult to appreciate when it is remembered that the speedometer needle can be made to register over 70 m.p.h. Even at high speeds I found that the car was really pleasant to drive, particularly on account of its excellent road holding qualities, its thoroughly effective and nicely designed brakes, and its easy, yet accurate, steering.

The old type sports car generally conjured up in most people's minds a vehicle which made a horrid amount of noise, was thoroughly uncomfortable, and was lacking in every refinement imaginable. Now the Talbot Ten is definitely one of the best examples of the modern sports car and as such glides along with an uncanny

(Continued on page 392)

INFORMATION: Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent St., S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices & Travel Agents.

SWITZERLAND

Best value in Winter Sports

The exchange is favourable and prices are very reasonable.

Inexpensive Travel, direct rail and air services, no formalities with money. Excellent Ski "Schools"—Best Ski terrain.

- **BERNE**—The Charming Capital. Break the journey to the Oberland there.
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- **GRISONS**—A paradise for downhill ski-running from December till April. Easy to reach by rail and air. Finest mountain railway service. Cheap Season Tickets. A host of delightful winter sports centres, including AROSA (6000 ft.), DAVOS (5200 ft.), ST. MORITZ (6000 ft.), KLOSTERS (4000ft.), LENZERHEIDE (5000 ft.), PONTRESINA (6000 ft.), cater for every pocket. Swiss Ski Schools. International Contests in all Winter Sports.
- **VAUDOIS ALPS & JURA**—VILLARS—CHESIERES—BRETAYE 4300 ft.—6600 ft. 10 hrs. sun—Elec. Rlys.—Ski Funis—Ski & Skating Schools—Curling. ST. CERGUE 3600 ft. 10 hrs. sun. Elec. Rly. to La Givrine.
- **VALAIS ALPS**—Region of sunshine and the big peaks. Champery 3450 ft., Finhaut 4060 ft., Verbier 5000 ft., Crans s. Sierre 5000 ft., Montana 5000 ft., Zermatt 5320 ft., Münster 4450 ft.
- **CENTRAL SWITZERLAND**—Very accessible. ENGELBERG 3450 ft., ANDERMATT 4740 ft., RIGI 4700 ft.
- Travel on the comfortable, heated Swiss Postal Motors.

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS : Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20* ; INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—OPENING OF THE SEASON, *December 22* ; Christmas Gala, *December 24* ; New Year's Gala, *December 31* ; International Bridge Tournament, *during January* ; Monaco National Fête, *January 17.*

SPORT : Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Club Championships, *January 24-30* ; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6* ; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24* ; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12* ; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19* ; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17* ; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29.*

MUSIC and THEATRE : Concerts (conducted by Bruno WALTER)—Recitals by KREISLER, CORTOT, THIBAUD and BRAILOWSKY ; Wagner Festival ; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22* ; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29* ; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27* ; Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24* ; SACHA GUITRY, *January 20* ; Comédie Française—official performances *during February.*

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

TESTING 1938 EDITIONS (Cont. from page 390)

degree of silence, really does move quicker than most cars of its size and type and is not only comfortable but extremely well equipped.

My own view is that a car, such as the one I am describing, can only be fully appreciated by the man or woman who really takes a delight in the actual driving of a motor car. A person who merely uses a motor vehicle to get from one point to another at any time he chooses and only drives because the car will not steer itself is just throwing money down the drain in buying a Talbot Ten. The individual, however, who wants a thoroughbred and not a cart-horse will find that the Talbot, though it may cost a little more than other cars in its own class, is well worth every penny of its price.

In pre-war days and for a short period after the war there were far too many garages which were not conducted in an efficient and straightforward manner. Until a week or so ago I was firmly convinced that all that had been changed and there was no further cause for complaint. I must confess I have not any experience of the treatment meted out to the average owner by an average garage proprietor, but I have recently had experiences of friends given to me that really make me wonder whether this country has yet got rid of the inefficient and untrustworthy garage. I have been told of a garage which after completing its service responsibilities on a new car had the effrontery to send in a bill for re-adjusting a carburettor when they themselves had made the petrol consumption ridiculous through maladjustment.

I begin to think indeed that there are still quite a number—in fact too many—garages who do not play the game if they think a customer is not too well versed in motoring matters. This lack of straightforwardness can, of course, never pay in the long run.

Readers who have paid a visit recently to Goring-on-Sea will probably have noticed a new hotel on the main Worthing-Goring road, opposite the famous Ilex Oak Avenue. The "House" is known as The Mulberry and the brewers and owners are Tamplin and Sons Brewery (Brighton) Limited. I have not yet seen the place myself but I understand that the architect has succeeded in producing a building which is distinctly modern and yet has a comfortable atmosphere about it. No expense has been spared in furnishing and the grounds have been laid out in a very attractive manner. The licensee and tenant, Mr. William Bell, is making a point of his catering and really nice moderately priced meals can be obtained amidst really pleasant surroundings. There is a car park which accommodates 300 vehicles and last, but not least, I understand that very special attention has been given to the cellars to ensure that the beer is served always in first-class condition.

LIFE IN FRANCO'S SPAIN (Cont. from page 360)

A sad point for us is the not unnatural dislike shown for Great Britain by the Insurgents. They consider that we have one foot in Moscow, the other in Paris, and our crutch on top of the fence. They believe that we are compromising with everyone. And compromise to a Spaniard is almost the most detestable word in the language. They also regard us as materialistic and too pagan, and that our "flirtations" with Moscow and Paris are a sign of approaching decadence. In fairness to the Spaniard, however, one must allow for the fact that the strain of the war has toned up the spiritual and emotional feeling of the public to a very high pitch.

To revert to the military situation. The front is about a thousand miles long. Two of General Franco's biggest volunteer corps are the Falange Española and the Requetes. The head of the former corps is Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the late Dictator. The head of the latter corps is Sr. Fal Conde. These two volunteer bodies are now incorporated in the regular army and have had a lot of fighting on all fronts, and recently in the Asturias campaign. A further point to notice is that General Franco has conscripted men only up to the age of twenty-nine; while the Government is supposed to have conscripted them up to forty-eight. It is of no particular consequence that all widows of soldiers under General Franco get pensions, but it is a fact.

Politically speaking, the centre of General Franco's Government is nominally in Salamanca, but most of the administration is done at Burgos, Salamanca being too small. Few of his ministers are professional politicians, but they are good patriots. At first there was a great deal of confusion but things are running smoothly now. The Guardia Civile act as local police, as they did before, and law, order, and absolute security are the order of the day. General Franco himself enjoys great prestige and has, I am told, the whole-hearted confidence of the people.

The courage of the Government side needs no emphasis. They pulled themselves together at the last minute and in no uncertain way. Whether they are on the losing side is no affair of mine. But money talks, and the difference between the rate of exchange of General Franco's banknotes and those of the Government seems very significant.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Cont. from page 382)

been possible up to the present to lead the life of a millionaire. Far from being a starving artist, a great deal of my time has been taken up in refusing food and drink, affaires with exquisite women, and wonderful offers of travel and hospitality. But I have always been driven mad by the itch to paint. Painting has caused me unspeakable sorrows and humiliations and I frankly loathe the professional side of my life. I am indifferent to fame as it only causes envy or downright insult. I know the necessity of publicity in order to sell pictures, because the public would never hear of you or know what you were doing unless you told them of it. But publicity is a dangerous weapon, double-edged, often causing unnecessary hostility and capable of putting you into the most undignified positions. Until of late I have had to fight an entirely lone hand . . . But I suppose that now I shall always remain the lone wolf. I have been misrepresented so much by those who write on art that the pack will never accept me. Incidentally, because I painted I have earned something like thirty thousand pounds for the critics, curators, or parasites of art. Ninety per cent. of their writings has consisted of telling the public not to buy my pictures and of charging me with every form of charlatanism, incompetency, ignorance, madness, degeneracy, and decadence. It is useless to deny that this has had its effect."

In addition to the books reviewed above, and on page 382, the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

Cheddar Gorge, edited by Sir John Squire. *(Collins. 10s. 6d.)*: The literature of cheese would appear hitherto to have been sadly neglected, but here eleven writers of talent have got together and helped to make good the deficiency. Sir John himself discusses Stilton in all its aspects, H. A. Vachell discourses on Cheddar, Ambrose Heath tells us what we do not know about Wensleydale, while Oliver St. J. Gogarty, on the subject of Irish cheese, is witty and informative at the same time. This is indeed an ideal Christmas gift book.

A Sportsman's Bag, by Lionel Edwards. *(Country Life. 21s.)*: This is a timely re-issue at a very moderate price of eighteen watercolours by our premier sporting artist. Each is superbly mounted and accompanied on the facing page by a personal note of description.

India, by H. G. Rawlinson, C.I.E. *(The Cresset Press. 30s.)*: A presentation in a popular form of an outline of the cultural history of the great sub-continent. As a reference work and as a readable consecutive narrative it possesses undoubted value.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A Great National Work. This is a true description of the work that is being carried on by the Society. Will you who love children please help to maintain and train the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's many Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa*? Funds are most urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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I'm very fond of diamonds,
Would that fortune should enable
Me to own a gem with such a name;
Alas, I am not able.
But Double Diamond meets the case;
And leaves finances stable.

Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state that quality is not a matter of price, as you can prove by trying to buy the "Pitt" diamond, or paying 6/6 for a bottle of Port—but you MUST insist on

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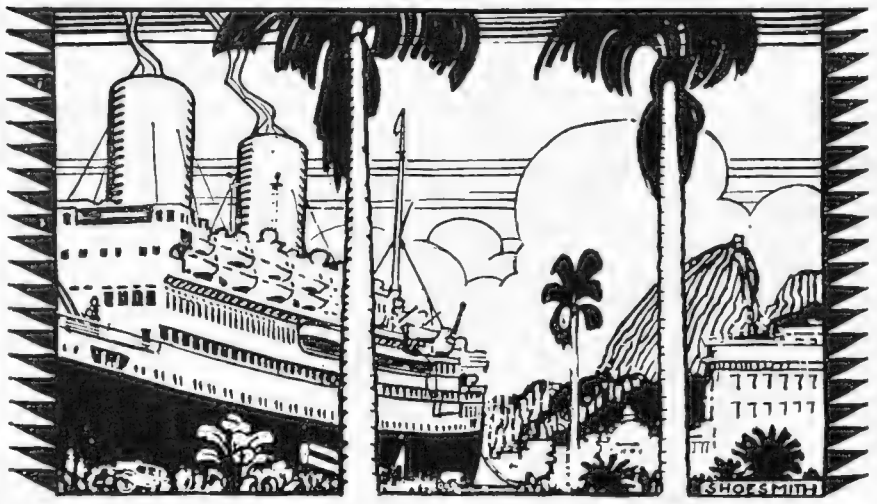

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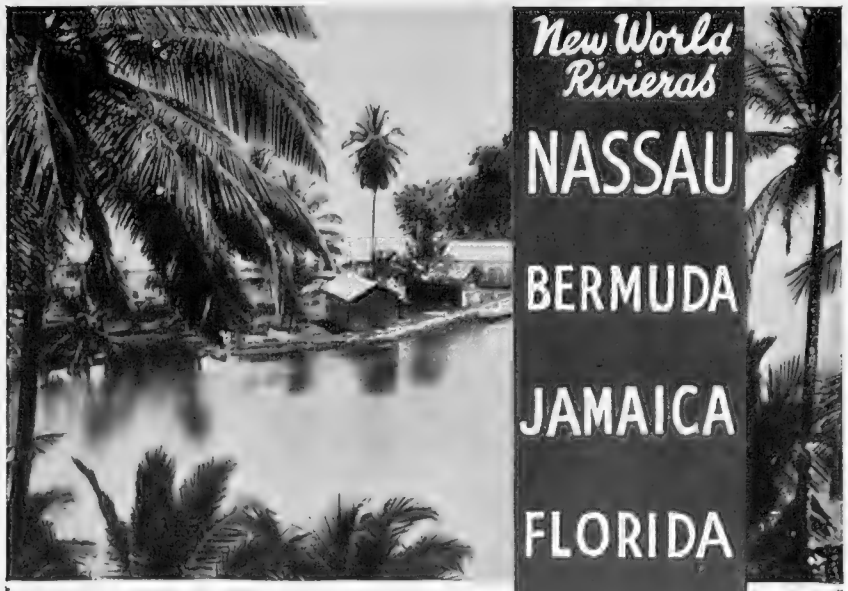


New World Rivieras

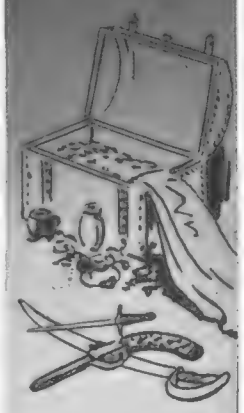
NASSAU

BERMUDA

JAMAICA

FLORIDA

CALIFORNIA



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Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place — although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 8.° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

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First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

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Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

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Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

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Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
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By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores 12 days.
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I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

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ADDRESS.....

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The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.

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The New Compact Toilet Case, with adjustable loops to hold required toilet articles. Fitted mirror, and waterproof bag.

Size closed:
10 × 7⅜ × 2½ ins. **£1 9 6**
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Lady's Pigskin Case, with chromium-plated fittings and Thuya wood brushes and mirror.

Size:
12¼ × 8¼ × 2¾ ins. **£7 10 0**

Brown Morocco Case, with Maplewood brushes and mirror - - **£6 12 6**

A Man's Pullman Dressing Case with hangers for two suits, a tray for small packing, and a portable fitted case which fits in the division on the left side or can be carried separately. When the Dressing Case is out of the Pullman, the space can be used to carry a pair of shoes. The Pullman is of selected Rawhide lined best quality drill. The Dressing Case is of full grained hide to tone and is fitted with Engine-Turned Sterling Silver mounted bottles and Ironwood brushes. Size of Pullman closed 29 × 16 × 8¼ ins. Size of Dressing Case closed 15¼ × 7¼ × 3½ ins. - **£25 0 0** (complete)

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the Riposo because we like Bexhill—restful, entertaining and bracing; and we like the Riposo—in the key position—Golf course at the door—central heating and telephone and running water in our bedroom."

HOTEL RIPOSO
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Inclusive terms—3½ to 5 gns.
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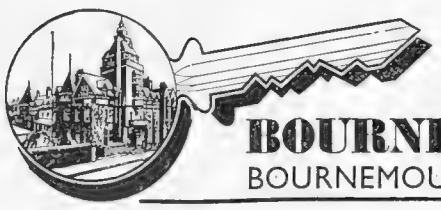
Sea air and good fare . . .

From every walk of life distinguished people visit us, because they know that their desire for rest will be respected. They appreciate our tradition, our real English fare, our picked wine list . . . and the personal touch which predominates over all. Tariff from G. James, Resident Proprietor.

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS
—The Hotel in the Path of the Sun—Tel. 40



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Self-contained Suites
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Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

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Shall we winter in comfort? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . fires to warm the marrow, good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

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Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

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NEWLY CONSTRUCTED. NEWLY FURNISHED. DOUBLE BEDROOMS, WITH THEIR OWN TILED BATHROOMS AND TOILETS EN SUITE.

BEDROOMS WITH MODERN RADIATORS. Running water and G.P.O. Telephones, with Breakfast. 8/6 and 9/6, or weekly inclusive from 3½ gns. LIFT. A.A. Recommended R.A.C. NIGHT PORTER.
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Full particulars together with a copy of the Programme can be obtained from the Resident Manager.

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CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

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ONLY HALF-AN-HOUR FROM TOWN

A DELIGHTFUL HOMELY COUNTRY MANSION HOTEL STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS, LUXURIOUSLY EQUIPPED FOR YOUR COMFORT.

NEW DANCE FLOOR. JACK PALMER'S BAND.

In Quest of

Detailed Lists of Hotels that are Full Have Accommodation to Offer—Special

THE fox-hunting season officially opened on November 1, and on the same day, by pre-arranged signal, the shops burst forth into devastating displays of Christmas gift suggestions, and letter-boxes were full to bursting point with Christmas catalogues.

But long before November 1 I became conscious of another Christmas Day in the offing. My first inquirer for a suitable hotel in which to spend Christmas came in early June, and from this first spring trickle a daily flow of inquiries has commenced, which at all costs must be kept within such bounds that it does not overflow the sides of my letter-box.

With this in mind, and with a view to saving unnecessary correspondence between hotels, the public, and myself, I have recently surveyed the Christmas accommodation situation and listed all those hotels which to my personal knowledge are already full, those which still have accommodation, but in many cases very limited, and have divided the latter class into hotels which offer organised entertainment and those which cater only for people who prefer the old-fashioned Christmas and crave for peace at any reasonable price.

Although it must necessarily savour of a catalogue, I will first list those hotels which I know to be already full. This procedure will save everyone a great deal of time, will mean a considerable saving in stamps and stationery, and the only complaint I anticipate is one from the Postmaster General for depleting his Christmas revenue!

Hotels already fully booked for Christmas.—Battle, Beauport Park. Bexhill, Hotel Riposo; Granville. Bibury, Swan Hotel. Brighton, Grand Hotel. Brockenhurst, Balmer Lawn Hotel. Broadway, Lygon Arms. Bournemouth, Branksome Towers; Canford Cliffs; Chine Hotel; Hotel Burlington; Norfolk Hotel; Southcliffe; Tollard Royal; Whitehall. Bushey, Bushey Hall. Cheltenham, Queen's Hotel. Cliftonville, The Grand. Droitwich Spa, Ayrshire House Private Hotel; The Raven; Worcestershire Brine Baths. Eastbourne, Alexandra; Cumberland; The Grand. East Grinstead, Dormans Park Hotel. Evesham, Mansion House. Folkestone, Prince's Hotel; Queen's Hotel; Royal Pavilion. Harrogate, Cairn Hydropathic; Crown Hotel; Grand Hotel. Hastings, Albany Hotel. Ilkley, Wells House. Llandudno, Craigside Hydro; Imperial. Malvern, County Hotel. Matlock, Smedley's Hydro. Newcastle (Co. Down), Slieve Donard, Pulborough, Lodge Hill. Rostrevor, Great Northern. St. Anne's, Grand. St. Leonards, Adelphi. Torquay, Imperial; Lincombe Hall. Westcliff, West Cliffe Hotel. Woodhall Spa, Golf Hotel. Worthing, Findon Manor; Warnes.

Now for a list of those hotels which have *organised programmes* and which at the time of writing have accommodation available. To make the list as

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

The Alexandra

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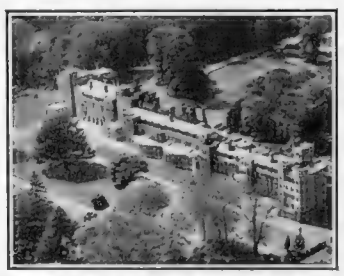
140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.



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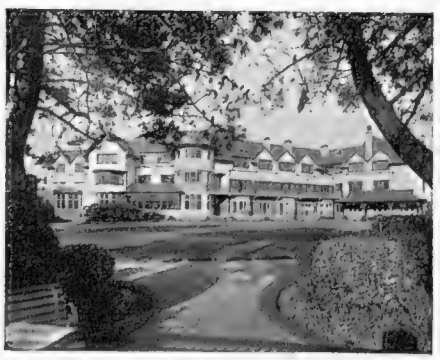

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Seaside Towns.—Birchington, The Bungalow Hotel. Blackpool, Hotel Metropole. Bognor, Royal Norfolk. Bournemouth, Bourne Hall; Highcliffe Hotel; Imperial; Palace Court; Royal Bath; Sandbanks Hotel; Solent Cliffs; Southbourne Cliffs. Brighton, Royal Albion; Royal Crescent; Sixty-Six. Carlyon Bay, Carlyon Bay Hotel. Cromer, Newhaven Court; Overstrand Hotel. Folkestone, Hotel Wampach. Grange-over-Sands, Netherwood Hotel. Guernsey, Old Government House. Hastings, The Queen's. Hove, Dudley Hotel. Lynton, Lee Abbey Hotel. Milford-on-Sea, Victoria Hotel. Newquay, Headland Hotel. Padstow, Metropole Hotel (Trust House). Ramsgate, Granville. Rottingdean (near Brighton), Tudor Close. Saunton Sands, Saunton Sands Hotel. Scarborough, Grand Hotel. Shanklin (Isle of Wight). Shanklin Hotel. Sidmouth, Riviera. Southport, Prince of Wales; Royal Hotel. Southsea, Royal Pier. Torquay, Grand; Osborne; Palace; Park Hall; Princes; Roslin Hall; Templestowe. Teignmouth, The Royal Hotel. Tintagel, King Arthur's Castle. Ventnor (Isle of Wight), Royal Ventnor. Weymouth, Gloucester Hotel.

Inland Towns.—Ascot, Berystede (Trust House). Bath, Empire Hotel; Grand Pump Room. Belfast, Grand Central. Bridge of Allan, Allan Water and Spa Hotel. Church Stretton, The Church Stretton Hotel. Colchester, Red Lion (Trust House). Dublin, Royal Marine. Dulverton, Caernarvon Arms. Exeter, Rougemont Hotel. Hailsham, Woodside Hotel. Harrogate, Majestic; Queen's Hotel. Hassocks, The Downs. Haytor, The Moorland Hotel. Hindhead, Moorlands. Keswick, Royal Oak. Llandrindod Wells, Metropole Hotel; Pump House. Leamington, Manor House. London, Ambassadors; Baillies; Royal Court Hotel; Savoy; Whiteness Hotel; Winston. Marlow, The Compleat Angler. Midhurst, Spread Eagle. Oxford (near), Brimpton Grange Hotel. Peebles, Hydro. Reading, Upcross Hotel. Sanderstead, Selsdon Park Hotel. Shaftesbury, Coombe House Hotel. Shrewsbury, The Raven. Southampton, Polygon; South Western Hotel. Tunbridge Wells, Calverly; Spa Hotel. Wansford-in-England, Haycock Hotel. Weybridge, Oatlands Park Hotel. Wimbledon, Southdown Hall. Yelverton, Moorland Links Hotel.

Readers who are interested in any of these places and hotels are urged to write at once mentioning THE SPHERE, as proprietors have indicated in many cases where accommodation is limited that they would do their best to help SPHERE readers. The prices naturally vary according to size of hotel and length of stay but in a general way it will be found that from a guinea to 30s. a day is an average price and will be found higher or lower according to class.

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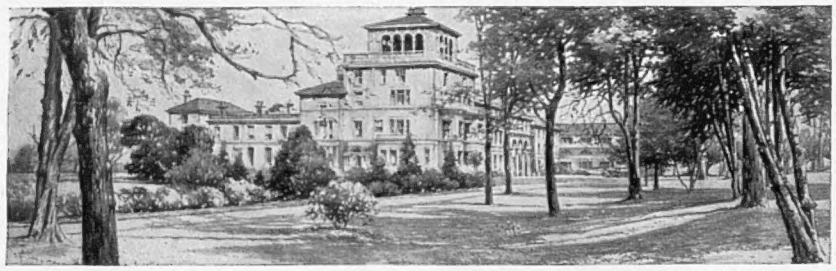

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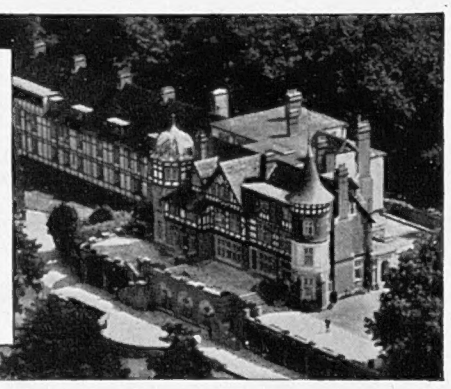

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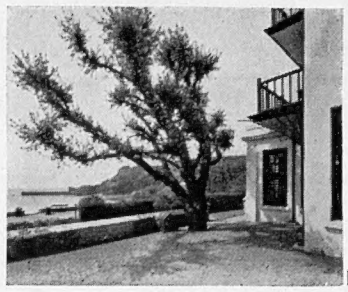

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Colchester.—George Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.595
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn.338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Aylesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
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Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
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Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

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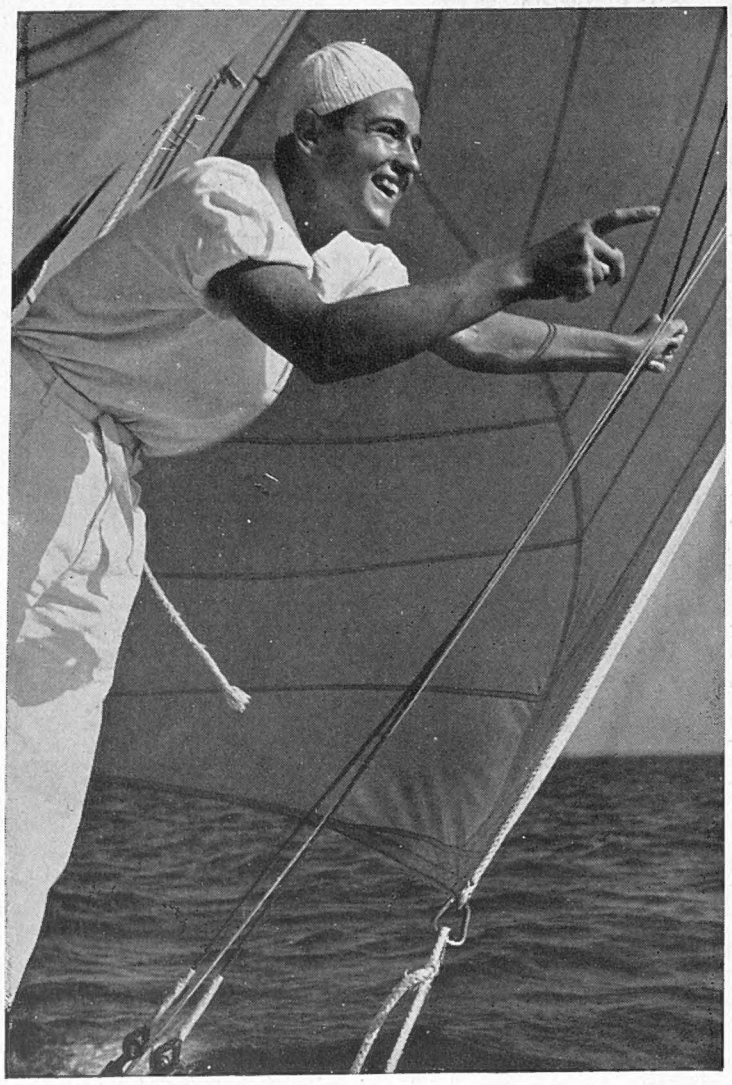
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.



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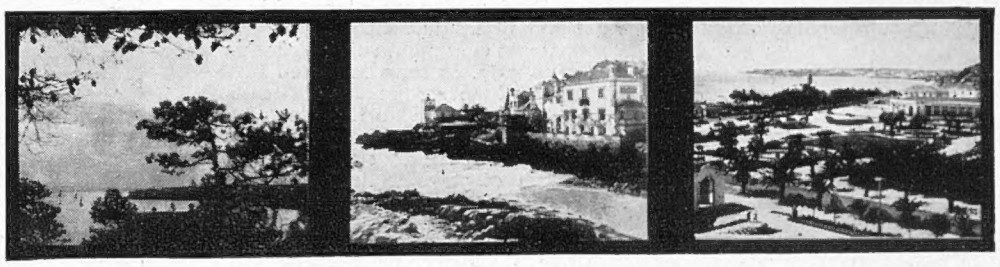

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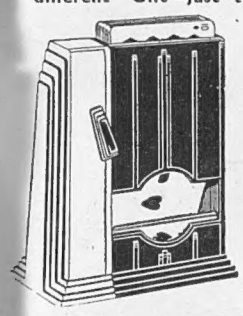

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